

# COUNTRY LIFE

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RITA MARTIN.

VISCOUNTESS BURY AND HER SON AND DAUGHTER.

74, Baker Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## THE PHILOSOPHIC MIND.

PROFESSOR SILVANUS THOMPSON, in an exceptionally able address at the Authors' Club the other evening, discussed once more the question which Macaulay raised as to the relations between science and literature. With all due respect both to the historian and the lecturer, we would suggest that the terms used here are misleading. There is no antipathy between science and literature; but there is a very natural antipathy between the scientific mind and the literary mind. It follows as the night the day that as the one is concentrated on the pursuit of fact and on the elimination of all that is vague and doubtful, whereas the other is in search of what our grandfathers would not be ashamed to call the good and true and beautiful, and trusts more to the imagination than to mathematics, the two must fall each into a groove that is antipathetic to the author. This is only applying to two pursuits what holds true in every other walk of life. If a man devotes all his energies to business, some of his more delicate faculties will atrophy from disuse; if a man gives

himself wholly up to imaginative effort, his thinking, reckoning, counting, measuring faculties will atrophy and he will become utterly unfit for the management of business; but it would be a great mistake to confuse a habit of mind with the objects minds are in search of.

We need go no further than the lecture for illustrations to these statements. Professor Silvanus Thompson laughed good-naturedly at the marvellous feats which literary men made the moon perform. Said he, well might they call it the "inconstant moon." Goethe wrote a book on the theory of colours; but the speaker's note on it was "which was really not science at all." On the other hand, the scientific men have, as a rule, cared little about literature, however eminent they might be. Men like Newton and Darwin worked and then set down the result of their working in the first words that suggested themselves to their minds. They in nowise cultivated a literary expression. As to lesser men, it is not one in a hundred of them who can make himself intelligible to a general body of readers; although there have been brilliant exceptions, such as Tyndall and Huxley and, may we add, Professor Silvanus Thompson. Among those whom the lecturer enumerated as having helped forward the progress of the world since 1850, we find few names that figure in letters. Lord Rayleigh and Ramsay, Faraday, Kelvin, Maxwell, Darwin, Pasteur and Lister are names to conjure with in science, but are scarcely known in literature. In saying this, we are far indeed from wishing to undervalue their achievement; it is merely proving what it is scarcely necessary to prove—namely, that the man who gets into one groove seldom is able to travel in any other. We have had, however, many poets and novelists who, though they may have an antipathy to scientific study, find romance in its results. Tennyson set a brilliant example in this, particularly in his book of elegies which he calls "In Memoriam." There the scientific thought of his time is epitomised and, indeed, he tells us in an earlier poem how in early youth he "devoured the fairy-tales of science and the long results of time." Throughout life he maintained this interest. Indeed, there is no absolute line of demarcation to be drawn. All that can be said is that, generally speaking, the literary mind is opposed to the scientific mind, and *vice versa*. But, fortunately, there are exceptional people who bridge the chasm. Men of science, like Tyndall, who are keenly interested in literature; men of letters who absorb the results of science. Above them all sits the philosophic mind, sung by Mr. Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, himself offering a notable combination of the scientific spirit and the imaginative. Perhaps a more interesting case than any of these was that of Dante, who wrote a scientific treatise on the question of the water and the earth, and prophesied the discovery of America. Professor Thompson has been through Dante's treatise and finds it "a very fair sample of the science of the Dark Ages, when there was a special pleading on behalf of a particular theory, and the facts were dragged in and distorted to support that theory to the satisfaction of the author."

It cannot altogether pass without notice that Professor Thompson and Sir Oliver Lodge had a passage of arms about two French writers—Poincaré and Bergson. Professor Thompson lamented that "the fashion was undoubtedly to neglect the clear-cut, incisive thinking of Poincaré and to wander in the brilliant verbiage of Bergson." Sir Oliver could not listen without protest to this disparaging comment on his favourite philosopher. His own description of Bergson was "a philosopher who was better acquainted with science than any other philosopher, with the exception, perhaps, of Kant." The other point of difference was in regard to Mr. Balfour. Professor Thompson, while agreeing that we are all proud of our Balfour, thought him a *dilettante* or, at any rate, an eclectic in philosophy. Sir Oliver Lodge would not have that on any account; and, in truth, Mr. Balfour has succeeded in mapping out the domain of science and metaphysics.

## OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION

OUR portrait illustration is of Viscountess Bury and her son and daughter. Lady Bury is the fourth daughter of the Marquess of Lincolnshire and was married to Lord Bury, the eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle, in 1909.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

## COUNTRY NOTES



WHEN we are compelled to listen to so much pessimism on the subject of English farming, it is impossible not to welcome the more cheerful view taken by the Minister of Agriculture and Lord Crewe when they were discoursing at the Conference of the Cheshire Milk Producers' Association, on the future of the greatest of our industries. It is true that Germany and one or two other countries are rapidly coming up to us in the matter of cereal production, but probably this is because the more enterprising British farmers are devoting so much of their talent to the breeding of pedigree stock. Here we are unrivalled, and Mr. Runciman said that the standard of health among English flocks and herds is higher than that of any other country in the world. No doubt he was thinking of those parts of the Continent where foot-and-mouth disease rages practically unchecked. Mr. Runciman's optimism, however, did not blind him to the fact that there are certain holes in his armour. Swine disease is a malady against which we cannot cope at present, except with the poleaxe.

A committee has been deliberating on the serum treatment, but they have decided that the evidence in favour of it is superficial. Mr. Runciman has been devoting his attention to the veterinary profession, and he indicated that steps would be taken to raise it in efficiency. It is true that the horse population is diminishing and, as long as the use of mechanical power keeps extending, the horse must be in less and less demand; but the veterinary surgeon will find plenty to do with cattle, sheep and pigs. There is not only room for treating them in ill-health, but a great demand for original research to lay bare the causes of certain diseases which at present are wrapt in an inscrutable mystery. Mr. Runciman evidently looks forward to a time when every veterinary surgeon who has any ambition will be a trained bacteriologist capable of making original research into the nature and origin of the maladies he is called upon to cure.

Mr. G. S. Bedford, who has written a report of a recent tour of a party of Gloucestershire farmers in Belgium, throws considerable light on agricultural labour there. Taking the district round Landen as one of the most fertile and one where artificial fertilisers are liberally used, he says that the rents are higher than in this country, namely, from three pounds to four pounds an acre; but the agricultural labourer is very badly paid. He "is considered to be well paid if he gets thirty-two shillings a month with food and bed (in stable)." He is no better off to-day than our farm labourers were fifty years ago. Under the circumstances we cannot feel any surprise that Belgium has its own rural exodus to deal with, and that the labour question becomes more critical every year owing to the development of commerce. It is a land of small holdings and high cultivation, but the land is so subdivided that the individual income is very small.

The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty keeps adding to the debt of gratitude, already heavy, which the country owes it. At the present moment it has an option of purchase on two properties, both of remarkable beauty in their surroundings and in the large prospect which they command. The one, and the more extensive and expensive, is a stretch on the high ground near Godalming, comprising ninety-two acres and including High Down's Heath and High Down's Ball. The Ball is six hundred feet above sea-level and gives glorious views

of the lower country. The suggestion has been made that the acquirement of this as a public playground shall be a memorial to Miss Octavia Hill, but that proposal is left for further consideration. The public will be asked to subscribe about £5,500 for the purchase. The other property, Tor Hill, in Somersetshire, is much less in extent, only nineteen and a half acres, but the view therefrom is certainly not less glorious, on the one side reaching to the Mendips and on the other to the Quantocks, with the beautiful cathedral of Wells in the foreground below and Glastonbury Tor in the middle distance. A subscription of £800 will insure the purchase of all this as a national asset.

During recent years considerable interest has been taken in the potato, the efforts of hybridisers and raisers of new sorts being mainly directed towards the evolution of varieties which show a tendency to resist diseases. Visitors to the Royal Horticultural Society's meeting on Tuesday last had an opportunity of gaining some insight to the vast amount of work entailed in securing such varieties, a very fine collection of tubers from the well known Reading firm occupying more than half of one side of the large hall. In addition to one hundred and fifty distinct varieties already in commerce, this group contained about fifty new seedlings, which had been selected from a total of about seventy thousand seedlings grown at the trial grounds last year. Another very interesting feature was a collection of all the known species of wild potatoes, with tubers showing the results of crossing these species. The various examples of diseases to which potatoes are prone, particularly a wonderful root attacked by black scab, also added their quota of interest to an epoch-making exhibit.

### A WINTER NIGHT IN SHETLAND.

The winds have sighed themselves to sleep,  
And the pale young moon has died in the sunset's glow,  
The stars flash silver from a velvet sky,  
Dark blue against the great black hills below.  
Two others, wet from the sea, come up the beach  
And vanish, soundless, into the shades beyond;  
The birds are at rest, and still are the long marsh grasses  
That the frost King has touched with his icy wand.

But the ocean's voice is speaking still—  
Along the shore with its curve of gleaming sand,  
Out where the tideway frets the darkling sound,  
And round the foot of the tall cliffs, that stand  
Gazing out to the open sea—  
Beyond the hidden rocks where the surges boom—  
Where once the Viking galleys plunged thro' the rising gale,  
And now the dark destroyers speed thro' the gloom.

Slowly a filmy radiance veils the stars,  
And along an arch of quivering glowing light,  
Across the northern sky are swiftly moving  
Tall spears of rose and green and pearly white.  
Flickering past each other—melting into one—  
In bright battalions rising tier on tier,  
Higher and higher up the sky they climb  
Then suddenly tremble, fade and disappear.

VERA NICOLSON.

Great sympathy will be felt with the men of Kent who, headed by Lord Northbourne, waited on Lord Haldane the other day with the humble petition that the Lord Chancellor would assist them to prevent the menaced supersession of the law of gavelkind. This is a peculiarly Kentish law which as far back as 1707 was described as follows: "The privileges of gavelkind belonging to this County (Kent) are threefold: 1. The Heirs Male share all the Lands alike. 2. The Heir is at 15 at full Age to sell or alienate. 3. Tho' the Father were convicted of treason . . . yet the Son enjoys his Inheritance." The custom of gavelkind dates back to the time of the Conqueror, and the deputation expressed their regret that it should be passing away. They found a sympathetic hearer in Lord Haldane, who vowed that he had the greatest respect for those who were looking after the old traditions of the country. So under the circumstances there is ground for hoping that this interesting and ancient law will be maintained. Perhaps it is best known to the general reader by a fine passage in Fuller's "Worthies": "Every County had a Child's portion, as if God in some sort observed Gavel-kind, in the distribution of his favours."

Professor Prior, Slade Professor of Fine Arts in the University of Cambridge, sounded a wholesome note of warning



in his lecture at the Royal Academy of Arts on "Mediæval Architecture: Its Nature and Basis of Art." To express his meaning in homely phraseology, what he said practically came to this: that many people, knowing that beautiful things are often found among old things, let themselves go to the extreme of believing that whatever is old must be beautiful. In architecture the danger is that in an exaggerated respect for ancient building the modern should be a mere copyist of the antique. But Professor Prior shows how wrong this is. The student of architecture ought not to confine his attention to any particular school or period; he ought to understand all the great styles—Egyptian, Greek and Roman, Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance—but in the end the greatness of his achievement will depend on his power so to assimilate and digest all that he has learned from the past so that these styles only control and guide his own genius. He must produce no copy of any of them, but something that meets the conditions of his own time and his own country.

The recrudescence of the ancient discussion about the ability of fish, and of trout in particular, to discern the colours and shades of objects seen by them in the water shows an ignorance of the subject which is not a little singular, seeing how easily, as we may think, it could be determined. It is not every man who has facilities for keeping trout in natural conditions under observation, but there are those who have such facilities. They are specially the possession of the breeders of trout, who keep trout in artificially confined ponds and streams. Surely this much-vexed question could be tolerably resolved by them. It seems to be only a matter of offering to the fish an object like in all respects, except the colour, the food to which it is accustomed, and watching the result. If the fish were to be fed with pieces of bread, and among the pieces were some that were artificially blackened or otherwise altered in colour, the readiness or the reluctance of the fish to touch these strangely hued offerings would amount to strong evidence. Or the natural fly on which the fish were feeding might be stained various colours and sent floating over them. The possible experiments seem so easy and so likely to be conclusive that it is a wonder they should not have been tried and the results made public.

An addition is being made to the old Harrow cricket-ground to the considerable extent of seven and a half acres. No doubt it is a needed increase, and will give spacious room for the hardest of hard hitters. It is not to be supposed that it will make any difference in the quality, historically famous and even notorious, of the old wicket as being one of the most difficult on which to score largely. Partly on that very account it has proved an excellent school for batsmen. It is not, however, with a whole-hearted pleasure that an old Harrovian may hear of an extension of the ground which is to involve the sacrifice of some of those memorial trees planted by the heroes who have deserved well of their country and have made big scores in school matches. It is understood that some other memorial, in the form of an inscription bearing their names, is to be set up to them to keep their fame, if not so truly green, at least as easily manifest for future ages to venerate.

In a dog-loving and dog-owning nation it is well that the state of the law respecting militant dogs should be as clearly understood as possible. It has received a further exposition in the course of a recent case. The facts were these: A poodle was killed, in fair, but not quite equal, fight by a bull-terrier. The bull-terrier was the property of a young lady of seventeen years of age who lived with her father but supported the bull-terrier and paid its licence out of her own, earned, money. The poodle's owner instituted a suit against the girl's father, she being a legal minor. The father pleaded that he had no legal responsibility for the misdoings of his daughter's dog, though it was proved that both father and daughter knew that the dog was a dangerous fighter. There was a precedent case, in which a man in whose house a dog was housed, though he was not the dog's owner, had been convicted as responsible for the evil deeds of the dog. Nevertheless, in this later case of bull-terrier *v.* poodle, the Court of First Instance (upheld in the Appeal Court) found that the father could not be held a responsible party to the case because, although he housed the dog, there was someone else, that is to say, the daughter, to look after and be responsible for it. The late poodle's owner therefore failed to get damages, and thus we have a fresh precedent established.

That the kitchen should be to some extent a dispensary of medicines as well as of food is no new idea; indeed, few of us can have escaped liberal dosage with the brews and infusions so readily believed in and potently prepared by the old ladies of a past generation. But it is new to find its value upheld in a journal of such authority as the *Lancet*, where an article may be found this week suggesting the scientific reasons for traditional use. Thus onions, which we were told in youth were good for colds, are found to contain a powerful organic sulphur oil, allyl sulphide, which has marked stimulating properties; this same compound may also be responsible for their supposed efficacy as a cure for rheumatism. Turnips and parsnips also contain a peculiar oily principle, and they in turn have a traditional medicinal value, while the common cabbage is redolent with a sulphur compound, and the fine indigestible fibre characteristic of spinach accounts for its undoubted medicinal value. Carrots contain a volatile oil, carotin, and they are much used in some health resorts as an aid to treatment. The anti-scorbutic bodies contained in lemon-juice, and the value of a few drops daily to babies wholly fed on boiled milk, are facts too well known to need enlarging upon.

#### FEBRUARY.

Clear-skied, with fresh winds blowing  
You come when snowdrops wake,  
When winter time is going  
And spring is in the brake.

In long low ranks of yellow  
With gleaming spears arrayed—  
The crocus o'er the green sward  
Comes marching, unafraid.

And in yon elm exultant  
The mavis tries his voice,  
O February, you and I  
Are lovers, and rejoice.

And have you kept your promise  
And brought me purple squills,  
And clouds, and coltsfoot yellow  
And dawns, and daffodils?

A. H. D.

This year the Ski Club of Great Britain met at Saanenmöser for their championship meeting. Saanenmöser is only at an elevation of some four thousand feet, and there was some risk of the meeting proving abortive owing to the mild state of the weather; indeed, there were thaws until the very day of the races, and the course was difficult in consequence. On the Tuesday the Open Downhill Race was run on the Saanerslochfluh, a fine open course with some three hundred feet of very steep gradients towards the finish. Mr. C. Rolph won in 4min. 10sec., which meant some very fast, straight running. Indeed, fast, straight running was a feature of the race, and in consequence one or two considerable bumps half-way down accounted for most of the competitors. On Wednesday was held the Long Distance Race. This formed the first part of the British Ski Championship which has been initiated this year. It was won by Mr. Rolph. The course was over the Trutlisberg to Lenk, where the visitors turned out in large numbers to watch, and were gratified by the sight of some quite unintentionally abrupt finishes.

The Jumping Competition, the second event in the Championship, was held on the Thursday, and a Style Competition took place on the same day. This latter was won by Mr. J. W. T. Clark. It was found impossible to use the bigger jump which had been prepared for the Championship, so the competition took place from the smaller platform. Mr. Harper Orr won with a jump of 17 metres. As he had had the misfortune to break his ski while leading in the Long Distance Race, he was not in the running for the Championship. So Mr. Rolph, with jumps of 16½ metres and 16 metres, established his claim to the title of champion. Major Grier's fine performance in jumping 16½ metres after breaking a rib in his first attempt is also worthy of note. The crowds of spectators had an unfortunate tendency to disregard the ordinary common-sense rules of conduct during such events. It was not fair either to the competitors or to the officials, or, in the last resort, to the insurance companies to make tracks across the run-out of a ski jump, as some unfortunate jumper may come down at over sixty miles an hour.



## MR. PONTING'S ANTARCTIC CINEMATOGRAPH.



Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S.

KILLER WHALES.

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**N**EVER before has it befallen that an Englishman had such a story to recite as that which Mr. Herbert Ponting unfolded in word and picture for the first time at the Philharmonic Hall, Great Portland Street, on Friday last. First of all, the advantage he enjoyed was that of being a great artist in his own way. He had himself been with the Scott Expedition to the South Pole and had taken those moving pictures which enthralled the eyes of his audience. It was universally admitted that they possess a beauty and dignity which are unrivalled among similar productions; but there was something still greater. There was not one among the onlookers who did not

recognise in these life-like reproductions the sombre, yet appropriate setting to a sad but noble tragedy. Mr. Ponting was in the position of the minstrel of old who, in the baronial hall or the clan to which he belonged, recited or sang to his harp all the great deeds of some chieftain who could never himself return to tell the tale. "O Dowglas, Dowglas, tendir and trew," were the very words in which a minstrel lamented the fall of a great leader. But the Douglas had gone forth to slay or to be slain. The hero of whom Mr. Ponting had to tell was moved by very different ambitions. He had the great art that we associate with the heroes of old, but he went armed only with books and scientific



Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S.

WEDDELL SEAL AND CALF.

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ADELIE PENGUIN TURNING HER EGGS.

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apparatus, weapons wherewith to win knowledge or to fight the elements. There is no need for us to recount again the story written in every British heart ; but it is well to remember that to the young it will always be fresh. There has been in the journals recently a considerable amount of correspondence in which schoolmasters and others in a position to know have deplored the intellectual and physical effects produced by an inordinate love of the cinematograph. Their objections are, indeed, fatal to the kind of amusement usually provided, but it was much otherwise with Mr. Ponting's splendid cinematograph. His pictures are not sensational ; they are reproductions of Nature as Nature is found in the dreary white lands surrounding the Pole. They are novel, exquisite and instructive. Moreover, even in details they were shown in a manner only possible to one who had considered every aspect of the question. The "tired eyelids upon tired eyes" which many schoolmasters have noticed in the morning after pupils had spent hours of the previous

evening at a picture palace were avoided by a very simple device. The moving pictures were interrupted at brief intervals in order to show a still and beautiful photograph that maintained the interest without tiring the eye. That is one reason why we would like all schools to have an opportunity of enjoying these extraordinary films. A still greater one is that the story of Captain Scott cannot be too closely or too widely known by the young people of this generation. It tells of heroism without swords. The boy who gets a good grasp of the extraordinarily hard conditions which the explorers had to face, and then hears the story how they were confronted with restless energy and unwavering courage, has got into his head such a lesson as no schoolmaster could teach or minister preach. It is most desirable that all public schools should arrange for their pupils to see this cinematograph of the Antarctic Expedition. The pictures which we have the privilege of showing in our pages will give an excellent idea of the character of the whole. To take them in sequence,



Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S.

THREE WEEKS OLD.

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the picture of killer whales was taken after arrival at McMurdo Sound. These ferocious creatures are known as "the wolves of the sea." They are about thirty feet long, and a pair have been known to attack and kill a sperm whale seventy feet in length. Some members of the expedition had very narrow escapes from them, and on one occasion a number of them banded together and broke the ice under Mr. Ponting's feet in an endeavour to get him into the water. Mr. Ponting shows the whale blowing the hot air from its lungs and killers chasing seals. He tells an interesting story of a seal and her baby attacked by these veritable sea wolves. The mother tried to lure the killers from her offspring by jumping into the water, almost into their jaws, and this manoeuvre she repeated. Her success would have been doubtful if Lieutenant Rennick had not discharged the harpoon gun at the whale, which broke the rope and was lost; but we may hope that the little seal escaped. The Weddell seals "at home" delighted all who cared for natural history. They were shown diving and playing in their native haunts. Over a sandy

beach they were letting the waves roll over them and rolling them over. The very great difference is brought out between the movement of the seal in its native element, which is the water, and on the rocks, where it moves with elephantine difficulty. In regard to the young seals, the lecturer said that they are born at the end of October or the beginning of November. They come into the world covered with soft, fluffy down and have great deep brown eyes, sometimes with black rings all round them. They bleat like lambs, and to be on a great breeding-ground at the proper time of year reminds one of an ewefold in the lambing season. The whole place is bleating with little baby seals, which are about four feet long when they are born. The photograph called "Working its Way Up" shows a seal making an opening up which it can slide with the help of its flappers in order to sleep on the ice. This is the first photograph of this habit ever secured, and is of great scientific interest. In regard to the pictures of skuas, we must do ourselves the pleasure of quoting the *ipsissima verba* in which Mr. Ponting described the hatching out of an egg. "In the

natural course of events, this would occur underneath the mother, but, in order to get this picture, the bird was frightened away from its nest at intervals during the period that the eggs were hatching, in order that the various stages of this interesting process of nature might be illustrated. You see the chick's beak picking the way out. Now matters have progressed a little. This was about an hour later.

That's the chick's beak with the white blob on it. Now you see the chick divesting itself of the last pieces of shell. This is certainly the only instance on record of an egg having been photographed in the act of hatching in the Antarctic regions. That chick is not dying, it is just beginning to live. There it is later still. It has dried out a little. Now the chick is



Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S.

## QUARRELLING SKUAS.

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strong and happy and waiting for little sister to hatch out."

The photographs of penguins were taken at Cape Royds, so named by Captain Scott in 1904, after one of the officers of his first expedition. Mr. Ponting gives a very lively and interesting account of these birds: "Of all the living creatures in the Antarctic the Adelie penguin stands first and foremost in interest. It is, perhaps, the most grotesque bird in the



Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S.

## FEEDING ITS YOUNG.

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world. Its stupidity is almost incredible, its curiosity comical, and its bravery amazing. It stands about twenty inches high, but, notwithstanding its diminutive stature, will not, if provoked, hesitate to attack a man. They peck with their beaks and strike with their flappers, and can inflict most painful blows. They are usually of a most friendly disposition, and whenever anyone approached, one would





Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S.

MR. PONTING STROKING A PENGUIN.

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immediately come forward to greet him and open a conversation. It would walk up to him, cock its head on one side, look up into his face and say: 'Qwuack!' and if he answered 'Qwuack!' the penguin would thereupon repeat what he said. After continued efforts to make itself understood and finding it impossible to hold a conversation, it would go and call a few companions and apparently say to them: 'Here's a funny looking chap over here, I can't

make out what he is saying; you come and have a try.' Then they would all start talking at once. Finding they could not talk to us, they would talk to each other about us. We hoped their comments were favourable, but from the expressions on their faces we were very much inclined to doubt it. In the early spring, when every penguin lightly turns to thoughts of love, the scenes on a penguinry are most amusing; unmated young ladies stand about singly or in



Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S.

WORKING ITS WAY UP.

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groups and the gentlemen penguins parade about inspecting them. When a gentleman comes across a lady he admires he gives her an amorous glance, brings a few stones and lays them at her feet. Penguins build their nests of stones, and this is a gentle intimation that he wants her for his sweetheart, and to come along and make a home."

We show a portrait of one of the dogs—that true friend of man in Antarctic expeditions. The dogs were obtained by Mr. Meares in Siberia and they were neither Esquimos nor Samoyedes, but Eastern Siberians. A dog team is composed of from nine to thirteen dogs, and they average in weight about seventy-five pounds. Each could pull a load of roolb. for twenty miles or more a day; that is to say, it could pull along a load 25 per cent. more than its own weight for a long day. The dog we show was described as a beautiful gentlemanly animal; but some of them were savage and



Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S.

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#### ONE OF THE SIBERIAN DOGS NOW IN ENGLAND.

treacherous. Probably young people would be more interested in feeding-time than in any other dog picture. Mr. Meares and his Siberian assistant, Demetri, were shown feeding the dogs with dog biscuit and seal meat. It is a very important thing, says Mr. Ponting, that if the dogs are to be kept ready for work they must be lean and slick; a fat



THE ARTIST AND LECTURER.

dog becomes lazy and useless for work. Those of the expedition were keen and ready and willing, as indeed could be seen from the picture in which they were shown being harnessed up. Whenever anyone came out of the hut with dog harness in his hand, every dog in the pack began howling and whining to be the first to be harnessed up, and once they were in they were so impatient to be off that they sometimes broke the harness before the sledge was ready.

These notes are intended more for the purpose of explaining the pictures we reproduce than for giving an idea of the lecture. There is only one way of finding out how interesting that is, namely, by attending it. When, as it were, the actual life of the sub-Antarctic regions is transacted before the eyes of the spectator, accompanied by the description of a keenly interested observer who made it his business to acquire knowledge about all that he saw, then only can the full effect be obtained. It is a great thing for England that Mr. Ponting should deliver this lecture and show these pictures, for the story of the expedition is indeed a very important footnote to history and one that we can think of with pride when we are reproached for falling away in so many other directions.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

FROM the point of view of the general reader, some of the best topographical books are those which insist least on the importance of topography. This is the quality which most distinguishes Mr. Reginald Blunt's new book, *In Cheyne Walk and Thereabouts* (Mills and Boon). He is so familiar with the streets and houses that he needs not to give any long or detailed description of them. His local colouring is worked in so unostentatiously that although the reader is conscious of its presence, he never feels it obtrusively. The book in reality is a delightful collection of the best kind of literary gossip. Cheyne Walk has famous historical associations. The ghosts

of Sir Thomas More, Henry VIII., Queen Katherine, Admiral Seymour, Princess Elizabeth, the Duke of Northumberland and Lady Jane Grey might well be imagined to haunt it. And yet Mr. Blunt's most entertaining chapters are not about these notabilities; but are concerned with lesser worthies whose sayings and doings he recalls in a way that brings the past back very vividly. We get him at his best when he is writing of James Salter and his coffee-house. He lived in Chelsea at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century. In 1696 he lived "in ye new row by ye Church," where long afterwards Holman Hunt was to paint "The Light of the World" and the "Hireling Shepherd," Salter's biography, or at any rate, all that

we know of it, is contained in the famous lyric, of which we quote the first two verses :

SIR,—  
Fifty years since to Chelsea great  
From Bodman on the Irish Main  
I stol'd with Maggots in my Pate,  
Where, much improv'd, they still remain ;  
Through various Employs I've past  
A Scraper, Vertuos'-Projector,  
Tooth Drawer, Trimmer, and at last  
I'm now a Gimcrack Whim Collector.

Among our author's notes to this composition is the information that in those days a "scraper" was, in Johnson's equivalent, "a vile fiddler," and he quotes the saying of Alexander Chalmers :

There was no passing his house, if he was at home, without having one's ears grated with the sound of his fiddle on which he scraped most execrably.

About 1712 or 1713 Sir Hans Sloane had transferred his collections from Bloomsbury to Cheyne Walk, and he handed over to Salter many of his "gimcracks." The classical description of the "Knackatory" and its founder was that in the *Taller* dated June 28th, 1709. In it Salter is described as "a sage of a thin and meagre countenance" who combined the callings of barber and antiquary. Steele, who wrote the article, makes fun of the "knacks" that were on view. Of course, he used the man and his establishment for the purpose of edging his satire. But the collection might well have excited ridicule at the time, and Mr. Blunt's extracts from the catalogue will be read with interest to-day as showing how vastly the antiquarian spirit has changed. In glass case number one were the following :

"One hundred and four silver spoons contained in a cherry stone," "A piece of Queen Catherine's Skin," "A petrified mushroom," "The pope's candle with which he curses the heretics," and a "Pair of Drawers of a Chinese Lady," "Several pieces of the holy cross in a glass framed," "A piece of rotten wood not to be consumed by fire," "A painted ribbon from Jerusalem with which our Saviour was tied to the pillar when scourged, with a motto," "A monkish padlock much used by the Spaniards," "The spider from Taranto in Italy the bite whereof occasions madness and death and is curable only by music," and "An ancient thimble dug out of the ruins of Stocks Market with this motto : I WIS IT BETTER."

Salter's Tavern in its day was a great meeting place of the wits. Steele and Addison used to frequent it, so did Sir Hans Sloane ; the famous Bishop of Rochester, Francis Atterbury ; young Captain Cope and Admiral Balchen ; Sir Robert Cotton and Martin Folkes.

Leaving the Don and his tavern behind us, we pass on to the chapter called "*Æsculapius Fumigans*," a diverting essay on quacks, with Alexander de Dominiceti as a centre-piece. He was an exile from Italy, where he held many noble titles. In this country he occupied himself with "heated and medicated vapour baths, water baths, fumigations, frictions and other operations therewith connected." The description of his institution at Bristol, with its marble sixty-foot circle, surrounded by blossom, foliage and fruit-laden boughs, reminds us for some obscure cause of the hall in Paris where Friedrich Anton Mesmer worked miracles of healing with animal magnetism. In 1764 he opened a place at Millbank, and probably remained there about a year, for in 1765 he migrated to Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where he finally established himself in No. 6. Thither to him came many men who were celebrities in their day. Among them Sir John Fielding, Henry Fielding's brother. Sir John wrote a vindication of his practice. Among those who did not believe in his methods was Dr. Johnson, who, hearing Dominiceti mentioned, exclaimed : "There is nothing in all this boasted system. No, Sir ; medicated baths can be no better than warm water ; their only effect can be that of tepid moisture." One of the company took the other side, and argued with great plausibility in favour of the baths ; but Dr. Johnson floored him with the butt end of the pistol, so to speak :

He turned to the gentleman, "Well, sir, go to Dominiceti, and get thyself fumigated, but be sure that the steam be directed to thy head, for that is the peccant part !" This produced a triumphant roar of laughter from the motley assembly of philosophers, printers, and dependants, male and female.

Such anecdotes bring the eighteenth century before us more vividly than the recital of many an event of greater importance. The doctor, it is regrettable to say, did not make a good end. First he was charged with forgery, and then he was made a bankrupt, and fled for ever from the pleasant village of Chelsea.

The story ends fittingly with the Carlyles. Among the illustrations is a photograph taken by Mr. Robert Tait in 1856—"Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle at 5, Cheyne Row." The philosopher, in a dressing gown, is filling his churchwarden

pipe from a tobacco jar, whose stand is apparently on the mantel-piece, and Mrs. Carlyle is seated on a chair in front of the fire, with some books and papers in front of her. They are in the prime of their days, or perhaps a little beyond it ; but we can scarcely describe the pathos and human feeling which is aroused by this picture and the homely stories which Mr. Blunt tells us of the Carlyles. Suddenly it appears as though 1857 had receded into the historic distance and become even as the years when Steele and Addison were alive.

#### MR. STACPOOLE'S VILLON.

*The Poems of Francois Villon*, translated by H. De Vere Stacpoole. (Hutchinson.)

MR. DE VERE STACPOOLE has produced a work of very great significance. He sounds what is not, perhaps, a new note, but one that is very different from that with which we were familiar in the late Victorian and Edwardian period. Its character may be gathered from two sentences in the essay on the Paris of 1456, which serves as an introduction to the book. Both have been severely censured. One occurs in a lament over the fact that we have no portrait of Villon. "If we had," says Mr. Stacpoole, "I would swear it showed a better face than the swine face of Rabelais. Rabelais is a great genius who rolls in ordure and honour." The other passage is in the nature of an attack on the late "R. L. S." "When Auguste Longnon, grubbing amid the archives of the Châtelet de Paris and the Bibliothèque de la Sorbonne, discovered that Villon had many friends who were thieves, he did a great disservice to literature, inasmuch as he incited Robert Louis Stevenson to write his lamentable article on Villon. How so great a man could have put his hand to so mean a work must ever remain one of the mysteries of life. Without charity there is no understanding, and without understanding you may look in vain for charity." These remarks occur at the end of an essay which would only have been written by one who had a true romantic gift. In it Mr. Stacpoole, by the force of imagination, carries himself right back into the Paris of the mid-fifteenth century, when the whimper of the wolf at the city gates mingled with the clamour of the Christmas bells. He sees dusk and d.m. lanterns struggling together "and the sudden blaze of a torch carried by at a run shows a crowd that is at once a crowd and a shadow. Beggars, prostitutes, tramps, thieves, priests and honest citizens—all those who were once human beings—go about their business in that freezing dusk which clings still to the opening and closing lines of the *Petit Testament*." Mr. Stacpoole's argument is the fine and generous one that Villon was better than his time. In the Paris of that day, particularly at the Pomme de Pin and kindred resorts, the poet must necessarily have consorted with thieves, prostitutes and other dregs of society ; but this was no preference of his, and the greatness of the man is seen in the poems which alone among moderns Robert Burns could have written—those in which he sets forth in his own inimitable way the sadness of the *fille de joie* grown old in her calling and advising the giddy sisterhood to take what pleasure is offered them as long as they can ; those, too, in which he interprets the despair of himself and the other malefactors waiting in the expectancy of being hanged ; and, again, when he renders, as he does so exquisitely, those feelings which age brings to his mother. Now, Robert Louis Stevenson and the school to which he belonged paid their homage to Villon on quite other grounds. They hailed in him the rebel from that austere doctrine of Carlyle's—To labour is to pray. Here they found one who gloried in not labouring, who consorted with thieves and put them in his verse, who sang the joys of wine and women, whose canting terms they exhausted their ingenuity to render into English slang. That is the point of difference which has brought out those bitter expressions to which it was inevitable that the survivors of that curious rebellion should take exception. The significance of the book lies, then, in its proclamation that the knowing and cynical and sceptical stage has been passed and that the winds of truth and sentiment are once more blowing over the fair field of English literature. In selecting the pieces for translation, Mr. Stacpoole has obviously been guided by this instinct. He has not made English poems of the French poems of Villon. The merit of his work is rather that which we should accord to a very sound prose translation. He has tried industriously and conscientiously to render the meaning of his author ; but his rhymes do not sing of themselves. This is not altogether a weakness. When a translation becomes a fine poem, it almost invariably is the fine poem of the translator, that is to say, a new thing altogether. But the diligent student of this version must gain an insight into the genius of the greatest of the French poets, and if he has a true sympathy with it must thereby be led to a study of the original.

#### A HISTORY OF BOTANY.

*Landmarks of Botanical History*, by Dr. Edward Lee Greene. (Washington : Smithsonian Institution.)

WE regret that, owing to temporary loss of the copy we had received, a notice of this highly interesting book has been delayed. Dr. Greene treats his subject from the philosophical point of view rather than as a history of botany. Well is the book named *Landmarks*, for it shows the student of the earlier evidences of any knowledge of the science that recorded information is only to be found at strangely long intervals. The studies and writings of Theophrastus of Mytilene, a pupil and close friend of Aristotle and a contemporary of Alexander the Great, in the fourth century B.C., are the earliest known. The next landmark is erected by Dioscorides, three to four centuries later. Already they were searching for a system, but it was not till quite recent times that any system that was entirely satisfactory was to be established. The work of these ancient botanists was accepted as the chief authority for nearly sixteen hundred years. The present work treats of the development of botany up to the date 1562 ; a further volume may be expected and is, perhaps, already written. All who are acquainted with Dr. Greene's writing will know his power of giving a living interest to what might be a dry subject ; his book cannot fail of being attractive to the general reader as well as to the student of the special science.





## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## THE KNAYLESFORD SCANDAL.

BY  
FRANK HIRD.



"EVERY word I tell you is true, and what I say is, who would ever have thought such a thing of Mary Wannaton, and her father scarcely cold in his grave?" There was a movement of surprise and indignation in the little group gathered in the baker's shop, and a shocked "Well, I never!" came from one or two dames.

"I'll never believe it," said Mrs. Cardwell, the grocer's wife. "I've known Mary Wannaton since we were girls together. I'm forty, and I don't care who knows it; and Mary Wannaton is forty-five if she is a minute. Stuff and nonsense, Jane Fiske! You'll be talking evil of the church steeple next."

Mrs. Fiske, the baker's wife, gazed at the ceiling as if seeking protection against an unfounded charge, then folded her floury arms under her apron. "Seeing's believing, Sarah Ann Cardwell," she said, severely. "Five nights running my boy Peter has seen a man's hat in Mary Wannaton's front entry, and, mind you, a different hat each night; and the lamp in the front passage lighted as well. If that isn't a sign she had company, I should like to know what is. Ah, and what company! A strange man every night!"

Mrs. Fiske glanced round triumphantly. Murmurs came from the little group of Knaylesford women, who had lingered for a gossip in the baker's shop after buying the family loaves, of "Who would have thought it?" "Dearie me, can such things be?" "Mary Wannaton of all people!"

But Mrs. Cardwell was not to be daunted. "And how came your boy Peter to be spying into Mary Wannaton's front entry five nights running?" she asked.

Mrs. Fiske had her answer. "Two afternoons he forgot to leave her loaf, and, going up in the evening, he saw the front entry all lighted up, and there on a chair was a man's hat! Instead of going round to the back door, as usual, he knocked at the front door. Mary was a long time in coming, and when she did open the door she seemed very flurried. The second night she told him that if he forgot the loaf again he could leave it till the morning, and not come frightening her out of her wits. Now, I thought it a funny thing, so I told the boy to give a look in at Mary Wannaton's on his way home after dark, and sure enough, every night the entry was lighted and there was a man's hat on a chair in the passage. On Saturday night my old man went and took a peep himself, and what do you think?" Mrs. Fiske paused. The women all leant forward eagerly. "There were two hats!" the baker's wife said in a thrilling whisper. "Two hats, and one of 'em was a soldier's!"

Even the loyal Mrs. Cardwell was impressed. "If Mary Wannaton likes to ask every man in the village to her house at night what business is it of yours or mine?" she cried. "She is a free and independent woman."

"It mayn't be our business, as you say, Sarah Ann," Mrs. Fiske replied, tartly, "but, still, you can't gainsay that it's—well—it's—odd."

The pause before the word "odd" and the curious intonation Mrs. Fiske gave the word left no doubt in her hearers' minds as to her actual meaning. Mrs. Cardwell flushed angrily, and, picking up her loaf, left the shop. On the doorstep she turned. "It's a pity, Jane Fiske, that your husband and your son haven't something better to do than spy on their neighbours," she cried.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Fiske, nodding her head, "Sarah Ann knows something. You saw how she fired up."

Before nightfall every household in Knaylesford was gossiping about Mary Wannaton and her mysterious male visitors. Before the sun set on the following day Mary Wannaton had not a shred of character left. She was a gentle, placid woman, who had lived all her life in Knaylesford. Her father had been a grocer there for many years, and amassing a little fortune, had given up business and retired to a small villa, which he had built outside the village. He was a selfish, hard man, who exacted his daughter's entire attention. Latterly he had been bedridden, and for weeks at a time Mary had been unable to leave the house. Then he had died, and Mary was the mistress of the little villa and the small fortune. But she was very lonely, and her loneliness pointed the charges now made

against her by the village gossip, for she had complained of the solitude and emptiness of the house, and had even consulted Mrs. Fiske as to the advisability of engaging a maid-servant. The habit of years of seclusion was strong, and Mary therefore seldom went into the village; but on Sundays she attended church both in the morning and the evening. For many years Sunday had been the one day of interest in her grey life of self-sacrifice. She was a devout woman, and the service comforted her; after service there were always the pleasant talks with neighbours in the churchyard, the hearing of the village news.

But on the Sunday after the gossip in the baker's shop Mary Wannaton found herself in a changed world. Instead of kindly greetings and friendly shaking of hands on the churchyard path, there were averted eyes, an elaborate pretence of interest in gravestones as she passed, and in the case of some of the women, notably Mrs. Fiske, a deliberate and ostentatious turning of backs. A less timid woman would have been angry, but Mary had been crushed by her father's selfishness all her life. The unaccountable attitude of her old friends, therefore, paralysed her with fear, depriving her even of the power of demanding an explanation. As she neared the churchyard gate she heard rapid footsteps behind her, and turning, she saw Mrs. Cardwell. "Never mind, Mary," the kindly woman said, breathlessly. "Never mind! They are evil thinkers and evil speakers." But she did not stop, hurrying across the road to her shop.

"They are evil thinkers and evil speakers." The words rang and beat upon Mary Wannaton's bewildered brain all through the spring afternoon. Neighbours often "dropped in" in their Sunday walks, but on this Sunday no one came; and Mary sat desolate and alone, wondering and wondering what evil thing had shattered her little world to pieces. Sarah Ann Cardwell had said "evil thinkers and evil speakers," but where did evil touch her solitary existence? And then, worn out with wondering, she fell to helpless weeping. The bells rang for evening service, but Mary sat on in the gathering gloom; she had not the courage to pass through the morning's ordeal a second time. Time passed, and mechanically she lighted the lamp in the entry and another in the sitting-room, then sat down to her frugal supper. But she could not eat. She was sitting staring blankly in front of her when a loud knocking at the door made her leap to her feet in terror. She did not move. The knocking was repeated and with some violence. Then the door was rattled; she heard the handle being turned. Her eyes grew wide with fear; then, with a sudden desperation, she ran from the room, along the narrow passage and into the entry. The figures of two men showed dimly through the glass of the front door. "Who is there?" Mary cried, hoarsely.

Peering through the glass she was reassured; one of the men was the old Vicar. Mary instantly turned the key, shot back the bolts and took down the chain, setting the door wide. "Oh, how you frightened me!" she cried, as the Vicar, followed by one of the churchwardens, entered.

"We have come upon a very painful errand, Miss Wannaton," said the Vicar.

"Yes, a very painful errand," echoed the churchwarden.

Mary looked from one to the other in amazement.

"Peculiarly painful to me," the Vicar went on; "I, who have known you and your honoured father for so many years. But it is my duty both to you and my parishioners. There are strange stories in the village, Miss Wannaton, evil stories, that I will not believe against so respected a member of my congregation. That is why we are here. I cannot believe that what I have heard is true, yet—"

The Vicar stopped abruptly and looked at a man's hat which was lying on a chair immediately beneath the lamp. The churchwarden shrugged his shoulders.

"Yet," the Vicar repeated, still looking at the hat, "yet there seems to be some ground for the accusations made against you."

Some hidden fibre of strength, of self-reliance, in Mary Wannaton's crushed and docile spirit throbbed into life.

"Accusations! Against me? What accusations?"

It was the Vicar's and the churchwarden's turn to be amazed. Mary's head was erect, her cheeks flushed; her manner and the imperious note in her voice reminded them both of her father.

"It is not seemly, Miss Wannaton, for a single woman living alone to entertain strange men night after night. Such conduct necessarily creates scandal."

"I entertain strange men! What do you mean?" Again Mary spoke with her father's voice.

For answer the Vicar pointed to the man's hat lying upon the chair. "There is a man in the house now, Miss Wannaton. Ah!" he continued, sadly, "I came here convinced that evil tongues were at work; but, alas! alas! the stories seem all too true."

It was only then that the realisation of the truth came to Mary. "They say that men come here, to my house, every night?" she said, her voice now high and shrill with indignation.

"Yes, that is what they say," replied the Vicar.

"Why?"

"Need you ask, Miss Wannaton, with such a proof as that?" Again he pointed to the hat. Mary's lips set in a hard line. "Come!" she commanded, "you had better see for yourselves."

She led the way into the small dining-room; one place was set only at the table. The churchwarden looked round the room suspiciously.

"He is not hidden behind these," said Mary, sweeping aside the curtains, "or in here," opening a cupboard door. "Perhaps you would like to see if he is under the table"; she raised the white cloth as she spoke. The churchwarden looked foolish. Taking the lamp from the table, Mary led the way into the parlour and, holding it aloft, bade the two men search the room. Unwillingly they obeyed her, the Vicar suddenly feeling himself mean and cruel. Then she led the way to the staircase, but here the Vicar protested.

"Indeed it is not necessary—please don't trouble—my dear Miss Wannaton—there is some cruel mistake—indeed I—"

A sharp "Hold your tongue, sir," reduced the Vicar to silence. "You have made an accusation against me," Mary continued fiercely, "you shall prove it."

In meek obedience the two men followed her up the narrow staircase, and from room to room. At the door of the bedroom in which her father had died, the Vicar put a restraining hand upon her arm. "Miss Wannaton, I beg of you," he implored. He had a vivid remembrance of those last hours.

"You have made the accusation," Mary repeated, "you shall prove it." The churchwarden followed her into the room, sheepishly; the Vicar remained in the dark, on the landing.

When they returned to the ground floor, Mary said, mockingly, "There are still the kitchen and the coal-hole."

Both men protested, but they were forced to obey. In the little entry facing the front door the man's hat still lay upon the chair. Mary took it up. "I am a lone woman," she said, "since my father died. Tramps often come to the door at night. They frighten me. If they see a light and a man's hat they think I have someone with me, and they leave me in peace. On Saturdays I put two hats, because it's market day and there are a lot of queer characters about; one of them is my father's old Volunteer hat. Now you can go." She threw open the door. The churchwarden passed out without a word. The Vicar held out his hand, but Mary would not take it. "I would never have believed an evil tale of you, sir," she said, with simple dignity, "no, not if all the village had said it."

He sought for words to express his contrition; then, in the midst of his stammering, he bent his head and followed the churchwarden.

On the following day Knaylesford was thrilled from end to end by a new story; this time a true one. Sarah Ann Cardwell, it said, had gone to Mary Wannaton's house early in the morning. Half an hour later Mary, in her working dress, in which she had never been seen in the village in her life before, descended like a whirlwind on the baker's shop and there, before a lot of customers, had boxed Jane Fiske's ears soundly—"the smacks could be heard right across the street!"

The story reached the Vicarage at lunch time, and the Vicar shocked his wife, his daughter, the curate, the governess, and especially the parlourmaid, by saying, "And it serves Jane Fiske right. She ought to be horsewhipped."

## THE FLIGHTING OF . . . THE WIDGEON.

**D**URING the months of winter large numbers of widgeon visit our coasts, moving swiftly down to us from the sparsely peopled regions of the Far North, where they enjoy, during the nesting season, the pale light of the midnight sun, and where their enemies are restricted, maybe, to the dashing Iceland falcon or the stealthy prowling Steppe fox. The coming of the winter is swift in these Northern regions, and before the advent of October the long Arctic night is drawing in and the frost is gripping firmly the waters by land and sea. It is then that the widgeon set out on their long southward flight, and, journeying in great flocks before the northerly winds, arrive

on our shores with the approach of winter. But though at first these travellers are friendly and confiding, the ceaseless persecution of the shore gunner causes them, in a short space of time, to become wary and ever on the alert, so that they spend the hours of daylight on the open sea, venturing to the mud-flats to feed only when darkness is settling on the waters to hide them from their enemies. Few localities in Great Britain are more suited for the requirements of shore birds than Holy Island, off the coast of Northumberland, and it was here that the writer spent some very enjoyable days during the opening month of the present year.

Dawn had not yet broken as we left the Castle and made our way to the water's edge one January morning, to where a boat was ready to cross with us to the opposite shore. The wind had dropped, but the roaring of the surf on the beach was borne up on the quiet morning air, and at times the sad cry of a curlew came sharply out from the gloom. Soon snow commenced to fall softly, but the shower passed while we rowed out into the night. As we gained the opposite shore the sky was lightening eastwards, and we made our way at once to a certain part of the sand-dunes where the widgeon are in the habit of crossing with each dawn as they make their way from their feeding grounds to the open sea. Once the quiet was broken by the musical twittering note of a bar-tailed godwit as this curlew-like bird passed unseen above our heads; but for some time we waited before hearing these curious whistling cries which heralded the approach of the widgeon hosts. For the writer, this early morning scene had a special charm. The strong smell of salt permeating the atmosphere, the sky brightening imperceptibly and showing in places grey snowclouds far out to sea, and the intense calm and stillness over all, were things which appealed strongly to one who loves the ever-changing moods of Nature. There were many birds in that first flock of widgeon which passed rapidly overhead—certainly hundreds and perhaps over one thousand made up the first company. Flying out of gunshot, and at the speed of an express train, the birds were visible in the dim twilight for a few seconds only; but almost immediately, with sharp, excited calls, pitched in varying keys, a second flight passed over us, flying this time in one long, single line. The soft murmur of many wings proclaimed the approach of a third flock of great size, though in this instance the birds themselves were for the most part silent. And so company after company of duck crossed overhead, until the daylight had strengthened and the snow-covered grounds to the westward, with Cheviot in the far background, showed themselves to our view. The tide ebbed rapidly, and the shore was thronged with waders of various species. Redshank moved restlessly from point to point, uttering shrill, penetrating cries, and flocks of dunlin wheeled and turned as one bird, showing, as they always do, the most remarkable skill in performing complicated evolutions. But the most interesting bird was the bar-tailed godwit, a winter visitor to our shores, and having an extremely wide range during the winter months. It is numerous along our north-eastern coasts, and is found on migration in France, Spain and Switzerland. For some months more the godwits will remain on the Holy Island, but with the coming of spring the migratory impulse will call irresistibly, and they will set out on that flight of thousands of miles to the Tundras, where, even during the hottest July day, the ground is frozen fast a foot beneath the surface. It was now full daylight, and with an approaching snow-squall from the Farnes the wind freshened and companies of wild geese flew in strongly from the sea. At times their flight formation was V-shaped, but this formation was irregular, and often the birds spread out into a long, thin line as they rapidly winged their way to the landward end of the bay to feed, or attempt to feed, on the floating maritime grass. Oyster-catchers, uttering their clear and distinctive whistle, moved backwards and forwards, and a solitary great northern diver was actively engaged in fishing in the channel. The writer has noticed that—as far as his observations go—these divers remain under water for even longer periods than the cormorant, and it is quite remarkable what a distance they will swim under water when alarmed. From the Castle Battery it was possible to sweep the whole of the bay with the glass, and just at the edge of the breaking surf could be made out a vast number of widgeon, riding buoyantly on the waves and being at times half submerged by a heavy breaker. Portions of this great assembly flew restlessly backward and forward, but no new-comers appeared on the scene. In the comparative security of the open coast these companies of widgeon pass the day, waiting idly till the fall of another winter's night, when they will set out on their return flight to the West.

SETON GORDON.



## THE CROW FAMILY.

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF SIX ARTICLES WRITTEN BY THE LATE R. BOSWORTH SMITH.

**T**HE great family of Corvidæ are in all respects, physical and intellectual, the most highly developed class of birds. They are cosmopolitan in the truest sense of the word, equally at home in the torrid heat of the tropics and amid the Arctic snows. They are remarkable for their agility and their strength, their cunning and their courage. They can hop, most of them with long bounds. They walk with dignity. They fly with speed and power. They are omnivorous; grain, insects, flesh, carrion are equally acceptable to them. Their vocal organs are not melodious, but they are highly developed, both as to adaptability and power. Their sense of sight is acute, so is that of smell. They live, some of them, in stately solitude; others in highly organised communities, hardly inferior to those of the ant and the bee. They are wary and suspicious, yet highly sociable. When domesticated, as they all easily become, they are amusing in the highest degree as pets. They are always on the alert, capable of strong attachment, born thieves, delighting in mischief of every kind. Their intelligence is of a high order. Each species, nay, each individual of each species, seems to have aptitudes and personality of its own. Almost alone



A. Brook.

CARRION-CROW BROODING.

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of birds they live and learn. They accumulate knowledge and they utilise it. They are imitative and secretive. It is certain that they have a sense of fun; it is difficult to believe that the higher among them have not, at least, a rudimentary sense of humour.

Finally, from the earliest times onward, they have had a strange and potent influence on the thoughts and the actions, the hopes and the fears of man. Time-honoured beliefs and weird and grotesque superstitions have gathered, and still cluster, round them. In history and in legend, in poetry and in folklore, they take the foremost place; and just as the genus Corvidæ stands out, in point of intelligence and development, above all other genera of birds, so does the raven stand out above all the other species contained in it.

### THE CARRION-CROW.

The Carrion-crow is a strong and stately bird. He resembles the raven in his colour—black all over—in his shape, in his love of solitude, and in his food, in his flight and in his croak. He has few friends. His very name of "carrion" condemns him unheard. To be "thrown to the crows," *pascere corvos*, was the most ignominious of dooms among both Greeks and Romans. The poets vie with one another in the opprobrious epithets they fasten



A. Brook.

YOUNG CARRION-CROWS.

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upon him. With one, the greatest of them all, he is the "ribald" and the "knavish." With Dryden he is the "dastard." With Dyer the "villain." With Cowley the "ignoble" crow. By all he is regarded as a bird of evil—and of nothing but evil—omen.

Famine and plague bring joy to me,

For I love the harvest they yield;  
And the fairest sight I ever see  
Is the crimson battlefield.

There is some truth in these charges. He is fond of carrion. He kills young birds, rabbits, leverets. He is indefatigable as an egg collector. He is as cunning as he is cruel. He goes straight at the eyes of his victim. He will watch, along with his fellows—for they gather together when, and only when, there is a rich booty in sight—the ewe who is about to become a mother, making her way, as is her wont in such a case, to the lonelier part of the moor, and when she is



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CARRION-CROW ON A DEAD SHEEP.

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shades of brown, look as they lie, point to point, in it. Unlike the jay, the carrion-crow sticks boldly to its home.



Miss F. Pitt.

HOODED CROWS: THE MORNING TOILET.

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in the throes of parturition, will pick out her eyes, and, when the lamb is dropped, will do the same by it.

But even the crow has merits. He is a very early riser, if that may be called a merit, and goes to bed late. He is never idle. He is sagacious in a high degree. He will carry a shellfish high into the air, and in order to get at its contents will drop it on the rocks. Above all, he is a model of parental fondness and of conjugal fidelity. He pairs for life, and is seldom to be seen far distant from his mate. The nest, which is compactly built of big sticks in a high tree, often far out among the boughs, has a deep, cup-like hollow lined with the softest materials, dried grass, feathers, wool; and very comfortable and very handsome do the five or six green eggs, spotted with various

Near me is a large tract of woodland which, never having been broken up since Saxon times, and never having



Miss F. Pitt.

HOODED CROWS: A FRIENDLY ARGUMENT.

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been highly "preserved," has been, from time immemorial, the home of wild animals, like the badger, the fox and the roe deer, and of wilder birds, like the crow, the magpie, the kestrel and the sparrow-hawk. The woodcock abounds there in the winter, and finds herself so well suited that she sometimes lingers on to breed there during the summer. Here I have had ample opportunity—for some ten pairs of crows build in the wood—for observing the fondness of the outlaw bird for its young and even for its eggs. The tail of the sitting bird hangs well out of the nest; but its owner will seldom stir, even when the tree is struck with a heavy stick, and often will not leave the nest till the climber is halfway up it.

An anecdote, told by Macgillivray, will illustrate the chivalry, the fidelity, the affection and the courage of a step-father crow such as is not always found in step-fathers or step-mothers of another kind. A Scotch landowner had, with some trouble, succeeded in shooting from a shed a crow that was sitting on its nest. It turned out to be the male bird, who was taking, as he usually does, turn and turn about with his mate. Within three days afterwards the mother had, somehow, induced a remarkably fine specimen of a crow, some "disappointed bachelor or disconsolate widower" perhaps, to come and share her maternal anxieties. Untouched by the unselfishness of the bird, the owner shot the mother and bride in one on the nest, and, three days afterwards, again finding that the step-father was still sedulously feeding his adopted children, he mercilessly shot him too. The bird fell the victim of his best affections.

The crow, in spite of his many enemies, manages to exist in most parts of England and some of Scotland. He is more numerous in the belt of country round London, perhaps, where there is no game and there are few guns, than elsewhere. The female builds her nest in the sorely lopped elm trees in the hedgerows, without any attempt at concealment. She is there almost as easy to approach as the rook, and often rears her young in safety. The carrion-crow has often been known to breed with the hooded crow, but of this more details will be given in the next paragraph.

#### THE HOODED CROW.

The hooded—or, as it is often called, the royston, and sometimes the dun or grey-backed—crow is so identical in its structure and in many of its characteristics and habits with the carrion-crow that it has been doubted whether it is an independent species—a doubt which is strengthened by the many instances—interesting from every point of view, both in this country and in others—in which they have been observed to breed together. Further than this, it has been proved by Mr. Seebohm that there is a vast region in Siberia, one zone of which is inhabited chiefly by the carrion-crow, another by the hooded crow; while there is a third zone, intermediate between the two, a hundred miles in breadth, in which almost all the birds are hybrids. These hybrids, like the mestizos, the zambos, the mulattos, the quadroons and the octoroons of Central America and the

West Indies, display almost every conceivable variation between the two parent types. This may well be seen in the wonderful case of hybrid crows collected by Mr. Seebohm and presented by him to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. These hybrids are to some extent fertile. One cannot help wondering how far birds that are absolutely "identical in their structure and differ from one another only in range and colour" should be regarded as distinct. Is the difference in range, of which I will say more directly, a cause, or is it an effect? We cannot solve the mystery; but it is well to realise that a mystery it is, and we can



Miss F. Pitt.

HOODED CROWS IN HOT WEATHER.  
One bird is stretching, the other panting through heat.

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only hope that some day it may be explained. Still, for all practical purposes, and in our present state of knowledge, the hooded crow may be treated as a distinct species. The ash-grey breast and the bold half-collar of the same colour, which gives to the black head above it the appearance of a hood, mark it off sufficiently from the all-black carrion crow.

In the British Islands no less than in Siberia he occupies, in the main, different countries from his relative. The carrion-crow is comparatively common in England and the Lowlands of Scotland, rare in its Highlands and Islands and throughout Ireland, while exactly the reverse is the case with the hooded crow. They rarely invade each other's

territory. The hooded crow, moreover, comes every autumn in large flocks from Scandinavia—where it is almost as common, as pert and as tame as the magpie—about the same time as the woodcock and the woodcock-owl, and, landing in the Eastern Counties, lingers there till the following spring. It affects especially the low-lying coasts and the river banks, the estuaries and the flats of East Anglia. So many of them spread down the coast, as far as Dover, that it seems not improbable that the crows which Shakespeare couples in his famous lines with the "choughs," as "winging the midway air" upon the cliff which has been called after him, is not the daw, the familiar tenant of the crannies of the rocks, nor yet the rook, but the hooded crow.

If the carrion-crow has few friends, I am afraid the hoodie has none at all. In Northern Scotland, where he resides all the year, his name is a by-word of dislike and of disgust with the landowner and the farmer, the shepherd, the gamekeeper and the sportsman. True to the character of the crow tribe, noticed by the ancient Hebrews no less than by the Greeks and the Romans, among whom the proverbial saying "to dig out the eyes of the crows" ("cornicum oculos effigere") was the early equivalent of our "biter bit," he pecks out the eyes of a young or sickly lamb; he kills young birds of every kind, and clears with unconscionable greed the nests of partridge and wild duck, of grouse and plover, which his keen sense of sight or smell enables him so easily to find. He is astute enough to avoid the net set for him, whether "in his sight" or out of it, but his passion for eggs is so strong that he falls

an easy victim to the poisoned eggs which are placed on some conspicuous rock or hillock by the practised hand of the gamekeeper. Yet it must be remembered that, during a considerable portion of the year, his food is chiefly vegetable or insect, and he is assiduous in searching the shores of the lochs, the firths and islands for shell-fish or worms of every kind, and for the garbage which the sea throws up in abundance. While so engaged he has a slow and stately walk, which has never been better described than by the sounding and alliterative line of Virgil:

*Et sola in sicca secum spatatur arena.*

He stalks in stately solitude along the dry sea sand.

Admirably, too, does his loud and prolonged "Craa—craa"—deeper and more sonorous than the cry of the carrion-crow, and inferior only to the raven's croak—harmonise with the wild solitudes and the audible silence of the mountain and the moor.

The nest is built on the highest trees, where trees there are; and, where trees are not, among the rifted rocks. In its materials and contents it is hardly to be distinguished from that of its nearest relative.

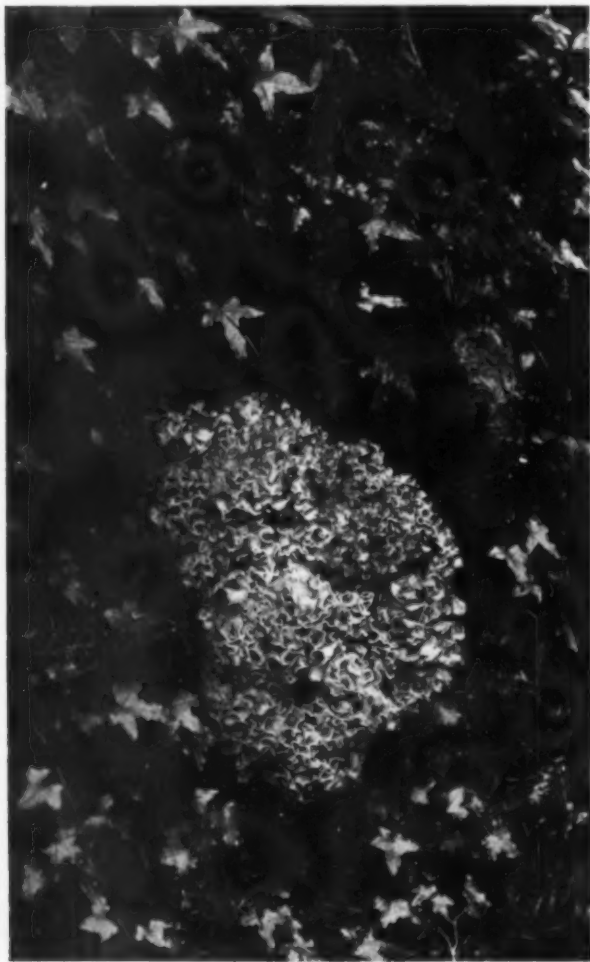
[In giving us permission to publish in COUNTRY LIFE six "Notes on Birds" by her late husband, Mrs. Bosworth Smith writes: "These notes were intended as a contribution to a volume that was in preparation for an exhaustive study on 'Birds,' and never completed. They were written early in 1908, three years after the publication of 'Bird Life and Bird Lore' (John Murray, 1905). Birds were always the solace and recreation of his life, and perhaps those who welcomed his book may not be sorry to find that R. Bosworth Smith had still some more to say on his favourite subject."—Ed.]

## IN THE GARDEN.

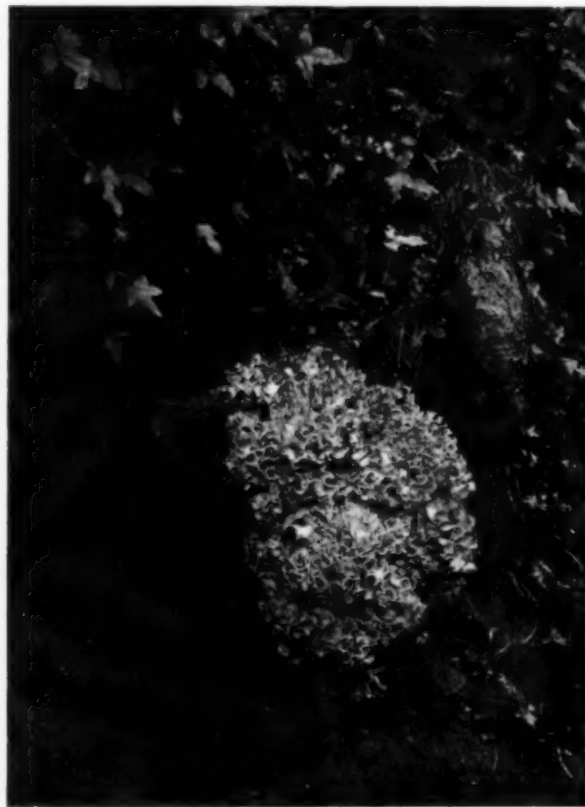
SPARASSIS CRISPA.

By GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

FOR many years this curious fungus has grown in a part of my ground where there are Scots Pines. To an ordinary observer, at a few yards' distance, it has exactly the appearance of a large bath sponge, only rather lighter and brighter in colour. Hitherto my chief interest in mycology had been to know and make use of the best known edible species, and I had often wondered whether



SPARASSIS CRISPA GROWING IN A HEDGE BANK.



PARTLY EXCAVATED, SHOWING HORIZONTAL UNDERGROUND STEM.

this curious thing had any kitchen value. I could not find it described in the only fungus books I had, viz., Cooke's "British Fungi" and Badham's "Esculent Funguses of England," and it was therefore, perhaps, a rash experiment to test it as an edible kind; but it looked and smelt inviting, and a trial was made. It proved to be harmless, but not interesting enough to be worth noting as a good table kind.

From the general appearance I had thought that it might be related to Morel, but wishing to be better informed, a helpful answer to an enquiry in the *Garden* referred me to Mr. E. W. Swanton's book, "Fungi and How to Know Them." I ventured to write to the author, and not only received a ready answer, but the further benefit of a visit. Mr. Swanton wished to examine the root, and as the example was favourably placed, growing horizontally out of a hedge bank, it was not a difficult



matter to dig it out. The part above ground was a roughly roundish mass, thirteen inches across at the widest diameter and standing seven inches out of the ground. The underground stem was six and three-quarter inches long and one and a half inches thick, ending in a ball or clod of mycelium closely compacted with fine sand, blackish in colour and with a strong, rank smell. This ball was not got out quite whole, but from what came out with the stem and some pieces that were cut off by the trowel and a portion that would have been left in the ground, one may conclude that it would have measured about five inches all ways. A curious thing about this fungus is its long duration, for whereas most large fungi of the softer kinds have an existence of a few days only,

this one had remained for seven weeks, and possibly more, in an apparently perfect condition. It was first observed this season in the first week of October, but as the place is not often visited, it may have been there already for some time. It was photographed and dug out on November 20th. No note was made

of the date when the piece (about one-fifth of the whole bulk) was cut out to try its edible quality, but it was probably within the second or third week of October. The part that had been removed must have grown up again, as when it was dug out there was no sign of any former reduction or mutilation. The texture was so extremely tender and brittle that it needed very careful handling to get it safely into a basket, and the next day, when it was photographed indoors to show the stem and terminal ball, it was impossible to remove it unbroken from the basket. The head broke up and was laid as nearly as might be in the original way and the stem broke across, as is seen in the photograph. It may have been the more fragile from being near the end of its lifetime, for the texture of the broken stem had the appearance of decayed wash-leather. To our knowledge it had appeared yearly in the same bank for eighteen years, whether or not in exactly the same position I could not say. The main ball of mycelium was put back in the place from which it was taken, and the detached pieces also planted in the bank; for though it may be harmful to the pines, yet it is so curious and interesting that I am glad to have it as a point of yearly interest in the woody part of the ground, and hope that it may appear again. It is not infrequent under Scots Pines on the Vectian Sands in this district (the extreme south-west of Surrey and adjoining part of Hampshire), but a much rarer species, *S. laminosa*, has been found on several occasions in Woolmer Forest. This is an even larger fungus of something the same character, but of a more flaky or leafy structure.

Mr. Swanton has kindly furnished me with the following notes on the classification of *Sparassis*. "In 'Fungi and How to Know Them' I have placed *Sparassis* in the family *Clavariaceae*. But it has been recently noted that the hymenium is confined to the lower surface of the lobes and not spread over the entire sporophore. At the present time many mycologists hold, for the above and other reasons, that *Sparassis* should be placed in the family *Thelephoraceae*. Mr. A. D. Cotton, F.L.S. (President of the British Mycological Society), in a paper 'On the Structure and Systematic Position of *Sparassis*' (see Trans. Brit. Mycol. Soc., Vol. III., p. 333), remarks that:

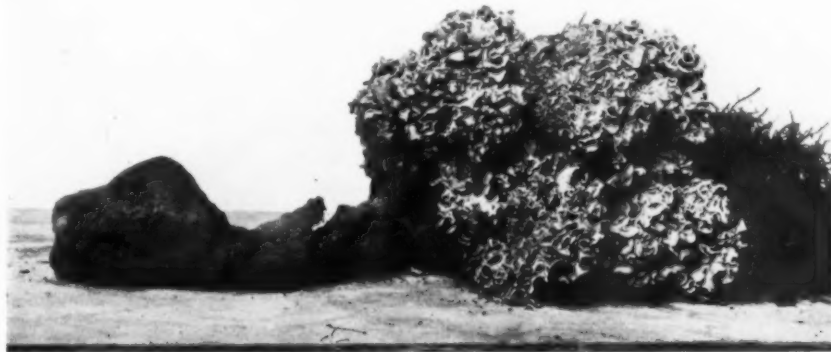
If *Sparassis* is to be placed in the *Thelephoraceae* it will be located near *Stereum* or *Thelephora*. On examining these genera we find, in the *Merisma* section of *Thelephora*, sporophores which in form somewhat resemble *Sparassis*, and a few of the more erect-growing species are partly amphigenous; the plants are mostly coriaceous, dark-coloured, and the hymenium surface is rough or warty, with coloured or hyaline spores; many are terrestrial, but others grow on wood. In *Stereum* the sporophore is resupinate or reflexed, though in the Tropics merismoid and central stemmed forms are found. They occur on wood and are usually coriaceous; the hymenium is smooth and bears small hyaline spores. On the whole, *Sparassis* appears to be more nearly allied to *Stereum*, the even hymenium being an important character. The relationship, however, is not very close, but there is no reason why it should not be placed in the same family.

"It is of interest to note that the genus *Stereum* contains many well known destructive parasites, e.g., *Stereum hirsutum* and *Stereum purpureum*. Though we failed to obtain direct evidence in your specimen of parasitism in *Sparassis*, it is quite possible that strands of mycelium may have been associated with a deeply buried root. I think we shall eventually prove beyond doubt that both *Sparassis crispa* and *S. laminosa* are parasitical upon the roots of Scots Pines."

#### TWELVE GOOD PHLOXES.

A CORRESPONDENT asks for a list of twelve good herbaceous Phloxes, with hints on their cultivation, ten to be of salmon,

crimson or pink shades, one blue and one white. Although these fine herbaceous flowers are best planted in the autumn, they may also be planted in February or March, providing the soil is reasonably dry and free from frost. Phloxes appreciate a liberal diet, and with this end in view the soil ought to be dug at least



SPARASSIS CRISPA, SHOWING STEM AND BALL OF MYCELIUM.

two spits deep and well manured in each layer, partially decayed farmyard or stable manure being best. Water-logged soil is fatal, and that very sandy is almost as bad, though in a different way, inasmuch as Phloxes must have plenty of moisture at their roots during the growing and flowering seasons. When the plants have been established a year, the growths, when about four inches high, should be thinned to three or four to each plant, the shoots that are removed being suitable for cuttings, which many contend is the best method of increasing the plants. If the lower leaves are removed and the shoots planted firmly in boxes of sandy soil, they soon emit roots if kept in a close, slightly warmed frame. These cuttings can be planted out as soon as rooted, and most of them will flower late in the autumn after the old plants have finished. The young plants last in good condition for two years more, after which, in most instances, they are better discarded in favour of younger and more robust specimens. During dry weather copious supplies of water must be afforded every day, and if this can be supplemented once a week with weak liquid manure, so much the better. There are now so many excellent varieties that it is difficult to select a dozen which would meet with everyone's approval, but the following are all first-class and reasonable in price: America, bright salmon pink, with carmine eye, 2½ ft.; Baron von Dedem, rich scarlet, very large flowers, 2 ft.; Dr. Königshofer, orange scarlet, crimson eye, 3 ft.; Embracement, salmon scarlet, purple eye, 3½ ft.; Etna, bright orange scarlet, 3½ ft.; G. A. Strohelein, orange scarlet, carmine eye, 3½ ft.; Goliath, bright carmine, crimson centre, 5 ft.; Le Mahdi, violet blue, suffused bronze, 3½ ft.; Mme. Paul Dutrie, soft rose, white centre, 3 ft.; Selma, pink, with crimson eye, 3 ft.; Tapis Blanc, white, 2 ft.; Gruppen Konigin, pink, carmine eye, 3 ft. The heights given are only approximate; they will vary somewhat with soil, situation and weather.

#### TWO WINTER-FLOWERING HONEYSUCKLES.

Although the fragrance of the Honeysuckle is usually associated with the sweltering days of summer, there are two species that naturally flower in January. These are known under the names of *Lonicera fragrantissima* and *L. Standishii*. Both have creamy white flowers, which, although they do not create any startling effect in the garden, are highly appreciated at this season for their delicious fragrance. These Honeysuckles form neat bushes about six feet in height and as much in diameter, are perfectly hardy, at least in the London district, and will thrive in any ordinarily good garden soil that suits the better known summer-flowering kinds. Although the fragrance of the blossoms is quite noticeable in the open air, it is brought out much better when flowering sprays are cut and placed in water in a warm room for a few hours. H.



THE little town of St. Fargeau stands in a pleasant undulating country in an out-of-the-way corner of the Department of the Yonne. It was the chief town of the district of Puisaye, of which its lords considered themselves the suzerains. Their castle, though of ancient date, has played but little direct part in history, and, lying from the first far from the main high roads, and in modern times on an unimportant branch line, it has seldom attracted numerous visitors. Nor, indeed, are its architectural merits such as to warrant a special journey on the part of the tourist. St. Fargeau has, nevertheless, something of the glamour and picturesqueness seldom dissociated from a long history and the traces

left on its walls by successive owners, while the interest attaching to their personality and fortunes may compensate the visitor for the relative insignificance of the buildings; for several among them were not only near the centre of affairs, but have exhibited strong individuality of character.

In 990 Heribert, a natural brother of Hugh Capet and forty-sixth Bishop of Auxerre, founded a castle on this site. It was held during the early Middle Ages by a line of barons descended from a nephew of this prelate styling themselves Lords of Toucy, St. Fargeau and Puisaye. Of these, three went to the Crusades. Ithier III. accompanied Louis VII. to the Holy Land in 1147. Ithier V. died at Damietta in 1218 and John I. was with Louis IX.

at Acre in 1250. It was probably during this crusading period that the castle reached its present extent, and that the towers and curtain walls, of which the lower portions still exist, were for the most part built. The last of the crusading Lords of St. Fargeau dying without male issue, his fiefs passed by the marriage of his daughter to the House of Bar, which ended in the fifteenth century in the person of Louis, Bishop of Verdun, whose heirs sold St. Fargeau in 1450 to the wealthy banker and merchant Jacques Cœur. But he enjoyed it for a very brief period, for three years later followed his sensational fall from the Royal favour. His crime was to be the principal creditor of the Crown, and he was accused of imaginary offences. The trial, documents in connection with which are still preserved in the castle, ended in his condemnation, and though he succeeded in escaping abroad with his life, his property was sequestered. St. Fargeau was granted in 1454 to Antoine de Chabannes, who, however, appears to have indemnified the heirs of its former owner for their loss. Both Jacques Cœur, whose building proclivities are well known and whose hôtel at Bourges is the most sumptuous example of a mediæval town dwelling extant, and Chabannes are credited with large additions to St. Fargeau. By one or other of them the towers were heightened and certain buildings at and near the main entrance erected. The niche over the *porte cochère* and an internal doorway on the upper floor, both in stone, are examples of the



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THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

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LE VAU'S BUILDINGS ON THE EAST OF THE COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



rich, flamboyant Gothic of this period, while the walling is in brick, as possibly even the thirteenth century buildings had been. In the late sixteenth century, Renée, the heiress of the Chabannes, married Henri de Bourbon, Duke of Montpensier, whose only child Marie brought her enormous estates as a dowry to Gaston of Orleans, brother of Louis XIII. In their turn they had but one child, known as "la Grande Mademoiselle," by whom the bulk of the residential portions

the sacred character of her own rank and position, she had grown up in the atmosphere of declamatory sublimities in which the supermen of Corneille's dramas move, and of the rarefied sentiments in which the romances of "Astrée" and "Le Grand Cyrus" abound. She spent the greater part of her life in scheming a match of fitting dignity with every Sovereign in Europe in turn, however tender or advanced his years might be, if only he happened to be unprovided



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THE MAIN ENTRANCE—FROM THE COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the castle were built and the older buildings brought up to date. Mlle. de Montpensier is one of the most original figures of her century, well known by her own inimitably naïve memoirs and more recently in the charming studies of Mme. Arvède Barine, but she was one whom a perverse fate was ever causing to overstep the narrow limit between the sublime and the ridiculous.

Accustomed from the cradle to believe in the extreme importance of her person in the scheme of the universe and in

with a wife or to have one who, in Mademoiselle's estimation, was unlikely to survive him, while she rejected as unworthy of a "person of her condition" the offers which actually presented themselves—among her suitors was our Charles II., still in exile. When the Court became embroiled with the Parliament of Paris, and the turbulent nobility led by the princes of the blood, Mademoiselle saw her opportunity to act the part of a great princess and a heroine of romance, and plunged with immense enjoyment into that tragi-comedy



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THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the Fronde in which the leaders were constantly changing sides and no one knew what he was fighting for. All that Mademoiselle knew was that, by siding with his enemies, she could be disagreeable to her bugbear, Mazarin, who had more than once balked her, as she believed, in her prospects of mounting a throne, while, at the same time, she hoped to

force her cousin, the young Louis XIV., at the point of the sword to accept her as his bride.

Her enormous wealth and her prestige as a princess of the Royal House rendered her a useful ally to the great nobles, who



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ENTRANCE GATEWAY.

"C.L."



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THE DINING-ROOM.

"C.L."

allowed her to imagine she was conducting campaigns and performing deeds of high emprise. Having made a sensational entry into Orleans and held it against the King, and having subsequently turned the cannon of the Bastille on the Royal troops to save the remnants of the rebel army, she felt very near her goal. But the coalition melted away, the Court returned omnipotent to Paris, and Mademoiselle received the order to quit her palace of the Tuileries. Refused a lodging at the Luxembourg by her father, the inconstant Gaston, who, as usual, had been the soul of the conspiracy and, as usual, had bought his pardon by selling his fellow conspirators, Mademoiselle bethought herself of her seat of St. Fargeau, which, in her opinion, was so little known that she would

be thought to be in another world. Travelling with a secrecy and precautions which were wholly needless, since the Court was delighted to be rid of her on such easy terms, she reached the old castle at two in the morning to find it not only unfurnished, which was to be expected, but doorless and windowless, while grass grew knee-deep in the courtyard. The heroine broke down like any ordinary mortal, and fled sobbing and panic-stricken to sleep at a neighbouring manor house, which presented the advantage of a moat and thus gave her imaginary security against the Royal emissaries.

Daylight showed that St. Fargeau was less uninhabitable than it had appeared at night, and it became for five years the headquarters of her little Court. The time was spent not unpleasantly in hunting with a pack of English hounds, in needlework, during which one of Mademoiselle's ladies would read aloud, in dancing, in seeing plays performed by actors from Paris, in long rides diversified by picnics and literary discussions by a river-side, and in various forms of literary composition. A fashionable exercise of the day was the writing of "portraits," in which one set down the physical and moral characteristics either of oneself or of an acquaintance. This, perhaps, was the origin of Mademoiselle's resolve to employ her leisure in writing those memoirs which are such an inexhaustible mine of good reading and of curious information about her own quaint career and the social life of her time.

Finally, not the least of Mademoiselle's diversions was the superintendence of the improvement of her estates and the remodelling of the castle. She tells us how she formed a "mail," a word which has survived to the present day as the name of a walk with regularly spaced and clipped trees, but in her day described the ground laid out for a very athletic game which stood about midway between croquet and golf, and was so named—in English, "mail"—from the mallet used to drive the boxwood ball. The unevenness of the ground necessitated the formation of a long terrace, which commanded a charming view both of the castle and the surrounding country.

She had found St. Fargeau on her arrival in 1652, if not absolutely dismantled, at any rate far below the standard of convenience and stateliness of the times. She at once set local builders to work upon it, and the old towers and galleries were to a considerable extent remodelled in the first two years of her residence. Before the end of this time, however, she had come to the conclusion that country workmen were not equal to those of Paris, and that it was cheaper in the end to call in expert advice. Accordingly she sent for Le Vau, then reaching the full tide of his professional success. He had made his name in the celebrated Hôtel de Lambert Thorigny and other Parisian mansions, and about this time was building the great house of Vaux le Vicomte for

Fouquet. He was soon to be placed in charge of the works at the Louvre, and later at the Tuileries and Versailles. His work at St. Fargeau consists mainly in wings built along the inner sides of the old curtain walls without any attempt to regularise the plan, which, as may just be made out from the drawing under Mademoiselle's hand in her portrait, was merely that of a mediæval fortress, an irregular polygon with massive cylindrical towers at the angles.

The best of Le Vau's works is very fine indeed, but he never reached the refinement of proportion and detail of his great contemporary, the elder Mansart, and the court façades are in his more heavy-handed manner, as may be judged in particular from the squat dome, a feature to which he was greatly addicted, with which he crowned the porch. The elevations, however, with their Dutch massiveness of proportion, their blending of mellow red brick with wrought stone, and their finely cut cartouches, are not devoid of a quaint if ponderous dignity of their own. Many of the cartouches

were defaced at the Revolutionary period, probably with a view to obliterate arms, but the monogram A. M. L. D. O.—Anne Marie Louise d'Orleans—may still be traced on the front of the porch.

A fire, which gutted a great part of the castle in 1752, has made it difficult to recognise the various apartments to which Mademoiselle alludes, but among those which were spared, the dining-room is a good example of the simpler sort of Louis XIV. decoration. Some, too, of the family portraits which she collected are still to be seen, including her own, from which the portion containing her somewhat foolish features was cut at the Revolution to save it from destruction, as may be seen in our illustration. By the time Le Vau's alterations were nearing comple-



"LA GRANDE MADEMOISELLE."

tion, Mademoiselle had forgotten her grievances against the King and Cardinal, and the repentant amazon was ready to eat any amount of humble pie to be allowed to take her place once more at the centre of social life and amusement. The Royal power was firmly established, and Mazarin could afford to be gracious. Mademoiselle barely waited for the news of her pardon to abandon St. Fargeau, and hurriedly rejoined the Court at Sedan. The Queen Mother, Anne of Austria, taking the air in a meadow near the city some days later, witnessed the arrival of her niece in characteristic martial array, her coach approaching full gallop amid a troop of light horse and heralded by a cloud of dust and the blare of trumpets.

Mademoiselle's exile was at an end, and she was free to resume the hunt for an "establishment" worthy of her rank, only to fall a few years later, when youth was past, into that pitiful love affair with the fantastic Lauzun, which was mingled, like everything in her career, with an element of farce. During her three days' betrothal she made St. Fargeau over to him, but it is doubtful if he ever occupied it.



Neither does its mistress seem to have ever again made any prolonged stay there.

In the eighteenth century the castle was the property of a younger branch of the St. Fargeau family, the Le Pelletiers (also spelt Le Peltier and Le Péletier), who are responsible for some rather characterless additions to its buildings—i.e., the wing on the west of the court and the chapel—and the laying out of its park *à l'anglaise*. The heads of this family were for four generations distinguished members of the legal profession. Michel Robert, whose tapestry portrait in official robes still adorns the dining-room chimney-piece, held the office of Controller of Finance under Cardinal Fleury. His grandson, Louis Michel, was elected as a representative of the nobility to the States General in 1789, and his legislative career was signalised by the ardour with which he embraced the democratic side and by his schemes for the reform of education. He voted in favour of the death sentence on Louis XVI., but on the eve of the King's execution he was assassinated by a Royalist as he was paying his bill after dining in a restaurant in the Palais Royal, and at once received apotheosis as a martyr of the Revolution. His naked body, wreathed with oak leaf garlands, was exposed

on the vacant pedestal of the statue of Louis XIV. in the Place Vendôme, and followed by a vast concourse to the Panthéon, and a picture of his assassination was ordered from David by decree of the Convention for the adornment of its Assembly Hall. This once popular canvas was returned on the painter's hands after the Terror, and sold by his heirs to Le Pelletier's daughter, the Marquise de Mortefontaine. It has hitherto been believed that this lady, who, in spite of the fact that she had been adopted by the Convention, was of Royalist proclivities, destroyed this record of what she considered her family's shame, and it is certain that since her day it has never been seen. In a recent article, however, the *Figaro* professed to have discovered that she did not cut to pieces and burn the portrait as had been supposed, but merely built it into the walls of St. Fargeau, so effectually covering up its traces that not even her descendant, Mme. Anisson du Perron, the present lady of St. Fargeau, has the slightest clue to its whereabouts. Thus attention has been drawn once more to this half-forgotten residence, whose annals have more than once been tinged with romance and tragedy, and whose walls may yet have secrets to deliver up.

W. H. WARD.

## THE PARGETTER'S CRAFT IN ESSEX.

**I**N many of the old quiet towns and villages of Essex are still to be found parget houses interspersed with Elizabethan and Georgian buildings. Of late years modern hands have been laid rather heavily upon many of these old places. Not only is the county rich in architectural associations, but its early history is varied and full of interest. Even the roads deserve more than a passing thought, for many that lead through these ancient hamlets were trodden by the feet of Roman soldiers in their marches through Flavia Cæsariensis, as the country was then called. Centuries later (about

A.D. 900) bands of wild Danes advanced in conquering hosts over this part of England, eating up the land as locusts and changing its Saxon name of East Saxon into their own Danelagh. The inhabitants of Essex were not always mainly engaged



A PARGETTED GABLE.



BIRD AND FLOWER FORMS.

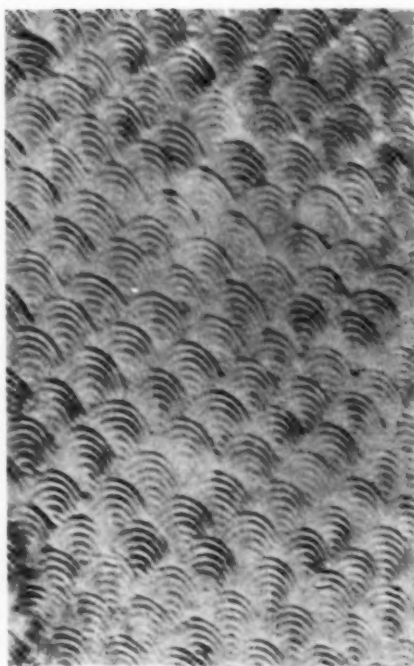
in rural avocations, as at one time the county boasted numerous opulent burgesses employed in the manufacture of bay and say (baize and serge), and busy hand-loom thrived in many of its houses.

At this period the good citizens were not ruled or misruled by councils entrenched behind building by-laws, so their building materials, as elsewhere in England, were governed by the geological factor. The houses in towns and villages were constructed with local building substances, which always give pleasing results when employed in their natural environment. In the North and West of England stone is found in great quantity and it is the principal unit employed. The counties of Surrey and Wilts furnish chalk, and their walls are often built of it. In a clay area brick and tile are commonly used. When timber-framed construction was employed in many parts of England the general practice was to leave the adzed surface of the oak unprotected and exposed to the weather; sometimes the more important timbers might be carved. The counties of Cheshire and Shropshire have a well known local school called "black and white" houses, which are emphasised by carved wood decorations, the filling between the timbering being brick and stone in most cases. East Anglia yielded a plentiful and easily procurable supply of materials for pargetted dwellings. The mud and wattle hut of our remote forefathers furnished the prototype of these later buildings, which may be looked upon as their legitimate descendants.

In numerous cases in Essex the constructional timbers were not shown on the surface, but were faced over with plaster.

The method of building was to fill in the spaces between the studs with laths of split hazel from which the bark had not been removed, the laths being usually about an inch in width and the same distance apart. The whole outer surface was then covered with a kind of coarse plaster in which chopped straw or grass and pebbles were mixed. (At a later period much hair was added.) An outer or finishing surface of a finer quality was then applied, upon which the patterns were executed. These patterns should be divided into two classes, impress and relief; the former was the earlier of the two methods. The tool used to produce the impressed patterns was a toothed piece of wood, resembling a comb, which scratched into the soft surface of the plaster. These decorations were simple and quaint, the motives being derived from the traditional handicraft worker. They may be divided into at least four groups, viz., herring bone or chevron, scale, basket, and whisp. Variations in their detail will be observed in different localities, largely owing to the touch of individuality imparted to them by the personality of the craftsman. Strips of plaster in many cases divide the wall surface into panels which are framed by a simple moulding. In an example now figured the herring bone or chevron pattern is used to fill in the panels.

Another photograph shows a wall decorated with the scale pattern; the similarity of effect between this treatment and the scales of a fish is obvious. The primitive artist drew his inspirations from such everyday objects, and, once they were established, these forms continued, subject to slight modification. The basket pattern, which consists of squares filled in alternately with horizontal and vertical lines, gives a plait-like appearance. Again we must look to primitive man for its origin. Probably in the manufacture of their domestic pottery they found it



SCALE PATTERN—AND CHEVRON.

easier to get good results by moulding their wet clay upon a model made of rushes or slender willow twigs, and the clay, after being hardened by baking, retained the plait-markings. What is more natural than that this simple device should appear first on the wattle and mud hut? In course of time the pattern would be passed on to the later plaster-work simply as a form of ornamentation, losing its constructional significance entirely.

The pargetting in other instances consisted of an irregular succession of small stabs as a groundwork. These produced quite a good effect when raised work was used, as they gave an animated effect to the whole surface and at the same time did not detract from the importance of the conventional raised pattern. The merit of the relief work varied considerably.

When representations of the human figure were attempted the results were distinctly poor. Animal and bird forms were more successfully handled, but in the portrayal of fruit and flowers the high-water mark of success was attained. In this work there is neither too much ornament nor undue elaboration, and the houses decorated have a distinct character, of which any locality might justly be proud.

The spirit of the Renaissance pervades all this raised work, from the simple strap pattern to the elaborate floral enrichments which were perhaps learned by local craftsmen from travelling plasterers from abroad. In order to achieve all this skilled building capable workers were needed. In the towns and villages the apprentice system found the recruits for the guild artificers,



FIGURE WORK IN PARGETTING.



a virile race of men who gave a pungent stamp to their work. In greatness it did not rival the work of Imperial Rome, for their buildings were reared by slave labour; but in our homely English buildings there are visibly embodied the needs of an independent and resourceful community.

In later years the old patterns have been reproduced on patches of plaster that have been used to repair the original, and new buildings have sprung up decorated in imitation of the old ones, but the eye soon discriminates between them.



TREATMENT OF A FLAT BAY.

The modern treatment is apt to be hard and restrained, lacking in spirit, and with an uninteresting mechanical feeling.

J. ADDERLEY.

## A CHILDHOOD IN THE DALES.

IT was a good custom indeed of our village life that if a boy wanted anything, whether it was a firework, or a sledge, or a fishing-rod, his only way to obtain it was to make it. We had no shops stocked with all sorts of short cuts to pleasure, and coin was a curiosity to most of us. Therefore, when we wanted to celebrate the Fifth of November it was up to us to provide fuel for the bonfire, and the fireworks. What days of weird compounding we passed in order to get an explosive mixture of sulphur, charcoal and saltpetre. The ingredients had to be earned or begged from the farmers—they were of the quality used in cattle food and medicine. Iron filings for "sparks" were always available at the smithy—there might be even a small useless bit of steel which the boyish hands might file down to a pile of glittering dust. Our cannons were primitive indeed—nothing more than a nut and a loose-fitting bolt. The "powder" was piled in the orifice in the nut, the bolt put on, then it was an exhilarating duty for someone to tip a big stone on to the top of the bolt. Bang! (If there was any explosion at all.) Then we went to pick up the pieces of the engine. Not infrequently a too zealous pile of explosive had sent the bolt sky-high, and there was woe in the camp. In after life one often wonders at the hair's-breadth escapes of earlier years. I remember being almost deafened by the discharge of a nut just as I turned a corner in the schoolground; my cap was torn off and went sailing several yards. Later investigation showed that the bolt had risen sidewise, and had torn a jagged hole through my head-gear as it passed away into the unknown. Another time, three of us were compounding "gunpowder" in a discarded saucepan when it went off, singeing our eyebrows and lashes so neatly away that for several days we were school heroes, and liked it. When sulphur, charcoal and saltpetre get to a certain stage of mixing they are excessively dangerous, but such trifles did not trouble us. Of course, we never let the chance of a loaded cartridge go past, and the keeper was not happy for awhile if he left his powder-flask—he used a muzzle-loader—within reach of the boys. After every shoot in the vicinity there was a careful passing over the ground, and if a cartridge were found there was great joy. I have seen three of these drying on a stone set in the midst of a fire, but there was no accident to report. To-day one feels nervous if the cartridge bag is brought within a couple of yards of a fire. When a cartridge was found it had, of course, to be unloaded if no means of drying were available, and a jagged pocket-knife was just the thing to cut away the wad and decant the contents of the case. Next someone had to fire the cap—have you ever

tried it? A heavy hammer was brought, and we had turns at striking until there was a bang from the flattened copper end. The long caps used at the quarries were just the thing we wanted—a big flash, a loud bang, the hammer sent backwards from our hands, and a white place on the stone where the explosion had taken place.

Thus our first duty for Guy Fawkes' Day, in those days the boys' great festival, was to collect enough material to make a decent bonfire. There was enough stuff within reach—of a sort. Armed with bill-hooks, axes, even an old carving-knife was not to be despised, we set off in the early afternoon up the lane to where whins and bracken grew luxuriantly. How busy we were! The big bushes had to be hacked down, then the youngest were sent back to the hamlet dragging them, a willing team. The elders cut the shorter stuff and the bracken, and muck-barrow and sled were loaded up. It has

always been a surprise to me how much burnable stuff a small horde of boys were able to get together in an afternoon.

But whins and bracken, though they will blaze fiercely, do not last well nor burn evenly, so the next expedition was along the wreck-line of our swift-flowing and oft-flooded river. Here many a heavy, partly dry bough, short piece of railing, even tree roots, were to be found, and all within a mile were sure of inspection, if not collection. Then there was a pile of dry wood to get, for which sometimes we went as far afield as the old bobbin mill, now alas! an industry of the past in our dale. The joiner's shop provided shavings; and now we were well equipped. How was it that darkness was never complete for hours after sunset on a Fifth of November? The pile of loose material had to go under the transforming touch of our elders, who managed, for the bairns' sake, to make a presentable bonfire of it. The shavings and the dry wood were built into a central cone. The brackens were laid in a rough bed, then the whins, the small branches, the drift wood and, finally, the heavy roots and what-not we had got together. At last came the time for lighting. I can see even now a bonfire many a year ago—the old carpenter and his eldest son walking round with candles lighting every corner that seemed likely, the slight blaze, the dying away, the call for some paraffin, the sudden glare as a gout of this caught in the sulking fire, then the rapidly rising shafts of flame, and the roar as the first long tongue licked its way up to the top of the pile and out into the air. At that moment it was good to live, and even the sternest parent, uncle or aunt became human and a friend. "Noo, lads, whar's ye'er fire-warks?" old Jack, the joiner, called, and shyly, Tom, the elder, brought into light a portentous squib. We boys all knew it well, had seen the construction of the paper tube, the fixing of the wooden bottom, the filling with powder, compounded of sulphur, saltpetre and charcoal, had seen a plenteous sprinkling of steel filings, a few crumbs of salt and sugar and resin at intervals, had noted the fuse carefully led down to the bottom of the explosive pile. We had seen, had helped, had wondered—and now was to come a realisation. It came with a vengeance! Old Jack placed the squib on the ground, touched it gently with his candle flame, there was a faint "siss"—then crash! Red and white and blue fire seemed to streak the heavens—Tom's carefully compounded squib had elected to explode in one bang instead of drawing out its delight over several minutes. I do not remember what old Jack (rest his soul, he was a thorough good fellow!) said—but he approached the next firework in a more chastened spirit. This one was supposed to be a jumping cracker—and was. Your modern jumping cracker is a fraud; frap, frap, frap it goes a dozen times in a few seconds and then is spent. Our cracker was a gentleman; when the candle touched it there was the usual faint "siss," then a loud crack, and half the boys were searching for its remains. There was a hurried rush this way and that. "Ah's sure it com ower here" at all points of the compass except one—behind a bunch of young women. What a crack, what a yell, what a laugh, and the jumping cracker had gone off to sleep awhile in some other unexpected corner. Old Jack



did not believe in wasting fireworks, and waited until that cracker had gone its tenth time before he consented to fire off his son Bill's new-fangled cannon. Had old Jack had a better idea of what explosives can do he would have given that piece of rusty iron pipe let into a socket of bone a wide berth, but—he did not. The candle flame dipped, there was a little spout of light from

the touch-hole and then a bang—and a yell. Bill's intentions to hold the cannon were stronger than his thumb, and there was demand for rough-and-ready ambulance work to get his thumb into place again. I have known the breech of one of these terrible weapons blown off, and bursts by the dozen, but never any accident worse than Bill's jumped thumb.

W. T. PALMER.

## THE COURSING SEASON.



THE SLIP.

UP to the present time coursing men, in common with their fox-hunting *confrères*, have had little of which to complain as regards the weather, frost having interfered with but few of the many meetings that have already been held. A short time ago I took occasion to point out that the greyhounds registered last year exceeded the numbers of any previous twelve months with the exception of the first annual period following on the adoption of the compulsory registration rule, and this leads to the natural inference that never was the sport in a healthier condition, even if nothing of striking importance has occurred upon which the public imagination can seize. It needs the advent of another Fullerton to set people talking. The programme, however, has been a heavy one, and a large number of meetings are announced before the close of the season.

Considering the antiquity of the sport, one must admit that a strong case is made out in support of the fascination of coursing, not merely on the competitive side as expressed in the endeavour to win stakes, but also among more modest individuals, whose purse,

no matter what their inclination might be, will not warrant the expenses involved in the maintenance and training of a large stud. I have known plenty of men agreeing with the sentiments of Gervase Markham. You may remember how the old Carolean writer begged his friend not to fire as the hare was roused from her form.

Greyhound-breeding is by no means confined to the elect, whose names figure in the Greyhound Stud Book, and many informal little gatherings take place in the course of the season



AT A DITCH.

over which the National Coursing Club has no surveillance. In the Midland village in which my boyhood was passed most of the farmers had a hound or two, kept for the dual purpose of sporting and filling the pot, and every now and then neighbours and friends would be invited to test the mettle of their greyhounds against our own, and we derived greater excitement from these events than the classic contest for the Waterloo Cup could have provided us with. Sometimes we had the pleasure of meeting and beating dogs that had acquired rather more than local celebrity, and vast indeed was our joy under these circumstances. In those days the progeny of any speedy bitch were in much demand at prices not exceeding a guinea or two. We never bothered our heads about pedigrees, purely working considerations regulating the matings, and a five pound note would have been regarded as a princely sum for a sapling. Twenty years on, and I find the same spirit prevails, though, perhaps, the modern farmer may attach more value to his running stock.

In the last number of the Stud Book Mr. Lamontbyne iced the increasing formation of farmers' clubs in East Anglia and the Home Counties and I am looking forward to the prospect of attending one of these meetings within the next week or two. What is being done around the little Buckinghamshire town of Tring may be taken as fairly typical of other parts of the country. Mr. F. W. Bright, the hon. secretary of the Fox Terrier Club, tells me that the meets are arranged by the farmers



THE RUB DOWN.

in the district, many of whom keep a few greyhounds. In this case there is no actual club, and no stakes are offered, but occasionally a few matches are arranged. No definite card of fixtures is drawn up, someone simply deciding on a day, and the news gets round as such news manages to circulate in the country, and a good muster can usually be relied upon. Now and then visitors from a distance attend, some of whom are desirous of giving a trial to their young stock. The country is very suitable for coursing, and plenty of good strong hares may be expected. At a meeting near Tring the other day over fifty courses were run. Most of the greyhounds are home bred, farmers being content, as in my youthful days, to use the best local performers, but now and then the blood is reinforced by purchases at the Barbican sales. This is a sensible procedure, for it is possible at times to pick up saplings or matured dogs from the fashionable running strains for three or four guineas, or even less. Last year some changed hands at as little as a guinea with some of the most fashionable dogs and bitches figuring in their pedigrees. As the farmers do not go through the formalities of registration, their dogs

never compete at the orthodox meetings.

One of Mr. Armour's vivid pictures brings to mind an incident that actually occurred at the Gravesend meeting a year ago. Mrs. Carlo F. C. Clarke's dog Raby Odi and his hare jumped a wide dyke simultaneously, the latter was seized while still in the air, and Odi scored the kill.



A TURN.

The other day good fortune gave me the opportunity of attending one of these pleasant Tring meetings, a company approaching a hundred gathering at 10.30 outside the London and North-Western Station. I should think there were about ten brace of dogs, hailing from the country round, some having been brought from Aylesbury. A thaw following on a frost had made the surface very sticky, and, most of the work being on plough or stubble, the going was hard, especially in the morning, when the scene of operations was about half a mile on the Tring side of the railway. Consequently most of the hares were slow, notwithstanding that they were big enough for anything. I only saw one get away, and that was from a brace of puppies, who ran well, but hesitated too long at a wire fence. Hares were as thick as thick could be, sometimes three or four being on the move at once, so that it was unnecessary to cover much

ground. Now and then several dogs slipped their collars, taking an unauthorised part in the course, in consequence of which escapades their owners would be poorer to the extent of half-a-crown each, the regular fine imposed under these circumstances. One day a brace in couples, breaking away in this manner, dashed into a fence, and one had his neck broken.

After lunch we crossed the line in the direction of Aldbury, where Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Ward live, and here the going was better or hares had been coursed more. Whatever the reason, they were faster, and excellent sport was provided, the day winding up with a bag of twenty-six. Every brace scored a kill, I believe. This is a delightful country, affording the sporting man, compelled to live near town, ample opportunity of indulging his tastes. No less than twelve packs of one sort or another are within easy reach.

A. CROXTON SMITH.

## WINTER SPORT IN SCOTLAND.

**W**HEN the trees of our Southern Counties are bursting into bud, our Northern mountains are still in the grip of winter and offer a playground to the snow-climber and ski-runner which seems to be known as yet to few. The hills of the Scottish mainland are the remains of a large

low ground. In the glens the snow seldom lingers for any length of time, but on the high hill tops and in the corries deep accumulations remain for several months. By the end of April the snow disappears from many of the western hills, but on the highest peaks and on the inland mountains—on Ben Nevis and on the Cairngorm plateau, for example—large



THE GLENCOE PEAKS FROM THE SOUTH.

plateau, on which glaciers have wrought in past ages and scooped out glens and corries. As a result, the peaks are generally rounded, with sides which slope gently to the moors below. Of some two hundred and seventy summits over three thousand feet, only a few are isolated peaks; the majority are the culminating points of long and undulating ridges. On the West Coast the severer weather has had its effect, and the mountains are often serrated and precipitous. Little of the land is devoted to sheep-farming; the greater part is the strictly guarded domain of the stag. By the uninitiated the term "deer forest" will be misunderstood. A deer forest is a large tract of mountainous moorland, clad in that robe of heather and bracken whose colours are the glory of the autumn. Trees are absent over its vast extent, and only by the burnside may one find a few solitary pines or birches. The stalking season ends with the finish of the hind-shooting, and with the close of January there is silence in the forest. Heavy snowfalls come with the birth of the year, and the deer are driven to seek their food on the

snowfields will be found even by the end of June. It is during these months, from February to May, that one may obtain permission to wander in the forest, and then the hillman can "spiel the braes" or ply his axe in the iceclad gullies without detriment to shooting interests.

It must be owned that access to the forest is often denied. Deer-stalkers are sportsmen and will gladly grant a reasonable request, but the "reasonable request" of the hillman is often quite against all shooting interests. Therefore, a refusal should not be interpreted too harshly. It can only mean that conditions are such that a visit by strangers would spoil the coming season's sport. The mention of a district in this article does not mean that access to it is allowed, and I wish to emphasise the fact that reckless trespass may cause harm both to the forest and to fellow climbers and ski-runners. I refer the unattached climber to Rule 4 of the Scottish Mountaineering Club which reads "Members of the Club shall respect proprietary and sporting rights, and endeavour to obtain the co-operation of proprietors." And



I can give no better advice to the ski-runner than to communicate with the Hon. Secretary, the Scottish Ski Club, 13, Hill Street, Edinburgh.

These were good days that we had on the hills, and the weather seemed to make little difference to our enjoyment. There were days when the gale drove forward great sleet showers from the west, when the snow was wet and sticky, and when ski-ing or climbing seemed a sorry sport. Again, there was that day when for hours we wandered in a heavy snowstorm on the large plateau of Ben Nevis. An empty flask—said to have contained milk—which we found at the head of one of the gullies at length gave us our bearings. It had been thrown away by a comrade on the previous day, and we blessed the fact that not all men are teetotalers. But Scotch weather has been sadly underrated. On the West Coast it is only too often unkind, and not even in the Alps does one experience such bitter chilling cold as on the Highland hills. Yet, from March onwards, weeks of fine weather are by no means rare. Then the hills are transformed. Beautifully moulded cornices throw long shadows on the dazzling snow-slopes, and the eye gazes over a seemingly new and wonderful land of range after range of snow-covered peaks and ridges.

Almost all our mountains afford good scrambling, but it is well to remember that the easy scree slope of the summer, in spring may be a sheet of ice. Ice-axe and nailed boots are therefore necessary. Real mountaineering is only found on the rock ridges and in the gullies of the northern faces—especially on the Cobbler and on Ben Lui, on the ridges of Glen Coe, and on the great northern precipice of Ben Nevis. For this work an Alpine experience and a full mountaineering kit are required. For, though there are no glaciers in Scotland, the climbing itself is severe. On few of the mountains is the height of the actual climb more than a thousand feet; but it is a thousand feet of continued work, more difficult than the climbing on a first-class Swiss peak. To give an instance: one day in May it took a party of two five hours to hack their way up the last thousand feet of Ben Lui. The rocks were sheathed in a thick coating of ice, the snow was hard as iron, and only a strong swing with the pick of the axe made any impression. And, perhaps, the sceptic



SGOR A MHAIM AND STOB BAN FROM BEN NEVIS.

will add, there were two slack men at the ends of the rope!

But the Scottish hills have one great asset in a gentle sloping ridge, which offers a convenient back door, as it were, for an ascent in bad weather, or for a descent after a trying climb. Therefore the climber has not that need for a reserve of energy which is so essential in the Alps, and undertakes climbs of a severity and in a weather which would make a Swiss guide protest and blaspheme. Only the lower slopes of the hills are clothed in heather; grass or fine scree and lichens cover the tops and higher ridges, and these same easy ridges, often running north and east, would seem to make the Highland hills an ideal ground for the ski-runner. But here one ventures on dangerous ground. Ski-running is a comparatively new sport in Scotland, and the enthusiast meets with much opposition. "No snow," "bad snow" and "Scottish snow" are the expressions he hears, and he wonders when people will see that the long planks have their use. Actually, the Scottish ski-man may glean from two harvests, in winter and in spring. In winter—that is, from November to March—he must take the snow when it comes, and his choice of country is quite dependent on the snowfall. It may be heavy in Annandale and on the Border hills, but scanty on the mountains of the North. To meet this difficulty the Scottish Ski Club have appointed a weather reporter, and one can rely only on his information.

Then there must be no delay in taking advantage of the opportunity. For five days the snow may remain, but on the sixth wind and rain come from the west and again the ground is bare. Undoubtedly February and March bring the best snow for the ski-runner. The "Före" in the Dee Valley last February was even finer than in Switzerland, and fortunate men in the North had for themselves a vast playground unspoiled by the ski tracks of a multitude.

With the spring-running it is different. On the higher mountains one may be sure of finding snow from March till well on in May. This snow may not be "Pulverschnee," but in my experience ideal snow is not so common in the winter Alps as the travel books would have us believe. Even in Switzerland rain and sleet and iced or sticky snow are not unknown.



ON THE LOWLAND HILLS.

Ben Nevis, in spite of its height, does not offer the best sport in the early spring. The summit of Ben Nevis is a large plateau sloping to the south-west. It is thus exposed to the full heat of the sun and to the gales from the Atlantic, and the snow is often crusted, icy and wind-swept. As Mr. Rickmers has already pointed out in the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*, 1904, the best running on this mountain will be had in the latter half of April and in May. In March and early April better and more uniform snow, and more settled weather, will be found further inland—on the mountains that enclose the valley of the Dee, on the "massif" of the Cairngorms and on the Monadhliath Hills, in the Forest of Atholl, and on those ranges which are bounded by the Highland Railway between Kingussie and Blair Atholl on the east, and by the West Highland Railway between Bridge of Orchy and Ardlui on the west. Much snow will be found also on the mountains directly to the south and east of Ben Nevis, on the Glen Coe peaks, and on the Clachlet and on Stob Ghabhar in the Blackmount, but the narrow ridges of these ranges will prove probably too Alpine for the average ski-runner; they are better suited for the mountaineer.

In ski-ing literature the term "Scottish snow" is the synonym of all that is bad in that element, and I think the origin of the term is obvious. The Scottish ski-runners have not grasped the importance of oiling and waxing their ski, and naturally, with dry ski one feels the transition from slightly frozen to slightly sticky snow very sharply. No ski will run well when not properly oiled and waxed. The April snow of Scotland is practically the "Frühlingsschnee," or "spring snow," of the Alps, which is hard and crusted in the morning and evening, but in the middle of the day, though wet, offers excellent running. As there are as yet no ski repairers in the Highlands, a simple binding, such as the Huitfeldt No. 2, is best, and as the slopes are not of Alpine steepness, ski may be long, but should be well oiled and waxed. Sealskins are hardly required and, in any case, a man should learn to ascend without these aids. The worst feature of the Scottish weather is the wind, which is often intensely cold, and makes a windproof jacket a necessity. And compass and map should never be forgotten, for in mist the way is not easy to find on those Highland ridges.

On the whole, one cannot recommend the Northern hills to the man who expects the varied amusements of Chamonix and Grindelwald, but the ski-nomad, the man who loves to wander from valley to valley, will find much to please him. To my mind, the great charm of the Scottish hills is their solitude, that solitude which in the Switzerland of to-day is found only in a few valleys of the Western Pennines. The man who crosses Cairngorm and Braeriach from Aviemore to Derry Lodge will be alone from the time he leaves the valley till he meets the warm welcome in the bothy.

I could say much of the jolly nights I have spent gossiping, or "cracking," as the hillfolk call it, round the peat fire, and of the quiet evenings spent with "Borrow" and a pipe in the armchair of the cosy inn. As Mr. Wroughton writes in an interesting article on "A Fortnight in the Cairngorms" (*Year-book of the Ski Club of Great Britain*, 1906), "The 'hill welcome' is proverbial, and the kindness of the hillman's nature seems to increase in proportion to the ruggedness of his surroundings. He knows what it is to tramp the bleak mountains, and treats the passing stranger to the pleasing contrast of a cheerful fire and a smoking board. In this case our host had not seen a stranger in his valley for two months, and only once within the previous three weeks had been able to visit his five-mile-distant neighbour at Sron-phadring to collect the post which was left there."

That there are times when ski would be of great use to the people of the glens is only too evident; after a heavy snowfall many of the outlying crofts are quite isolated; and the ski-runner will do much good for his sport by devoting an occasional hour to instructing the keepers and shepherds to whom the ski might be of use. Birch ski only cost a few shillings, and, after all, the ski were invented by hill-dwellers for practical use. For fuller information on this point I refer the reader to a very convincing article by E. G. Mawby on "The Utility of Ski in the Highlands" (*Year-book of the Ski Club of Great Britain*, 1910). And I venture to suggest to Mr. E. C. Richardson that he might embody that excellent chapter, in "The Ski-runner," on "Home-made Ski," in future editions of his smaller book.

EDGAR BEARD.

## ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

### [THE RENAISSANCE OF THE PROFESSIONAL INTERNATIONAL MATCH.]

IT was decided some little time since that the professional match between England and Scotland should no longer be played at the time of the Open Championship, but should enter upon a new career as an entirely separate fixture. Now the Professional Golfers' Association have announced that they have accepted an offer from the Proprietors of COUNTRY LIFE of a challenge cup, to be held by the club to which the captain of the winning side is attached, together with gold medals for the members of the winning side and silver medals for the losers. These trophies are to be presented at a dinner given on the evening of the match day to the two teams and a number of amateurs.

It is confidently to be hoped that this new plan will cause the interest, which it clearly deserves, to be taken in this match. Hitherto, with the Open Championship coming just afterwards, the importance of the big event of the professional year has a little dwarfed that of the match, just as was the case with the now defunct Amateur International. Now there will be nothing whatever to overshadow it, and a real "blood" match on a good course, in which all the best professionals of the day are engaged, cannot but be exceedingly interesting. It has never suffered from any lack of interest on the part of the players themselves; they are keen enough about it. At a Championship meeting you may see the members of the English team proudly wearing the little badges bearing the red rose, which constitute in some sort their International colours. Nor is it only the younger men on the less exalted rungs of the ladder—those to whom a place in one of the teams gives a distinct "lift" in their careers—who are interested; those at the very top of the tree are also thoroughly keen about a battle in which there is no material prize for them to gain. There is a good system by which the honour of captaincy does not devolve year after year upon one of the two or three obvious leaders on either side; it is spread over a somewhat more extended area, and the captain of the year takes a great

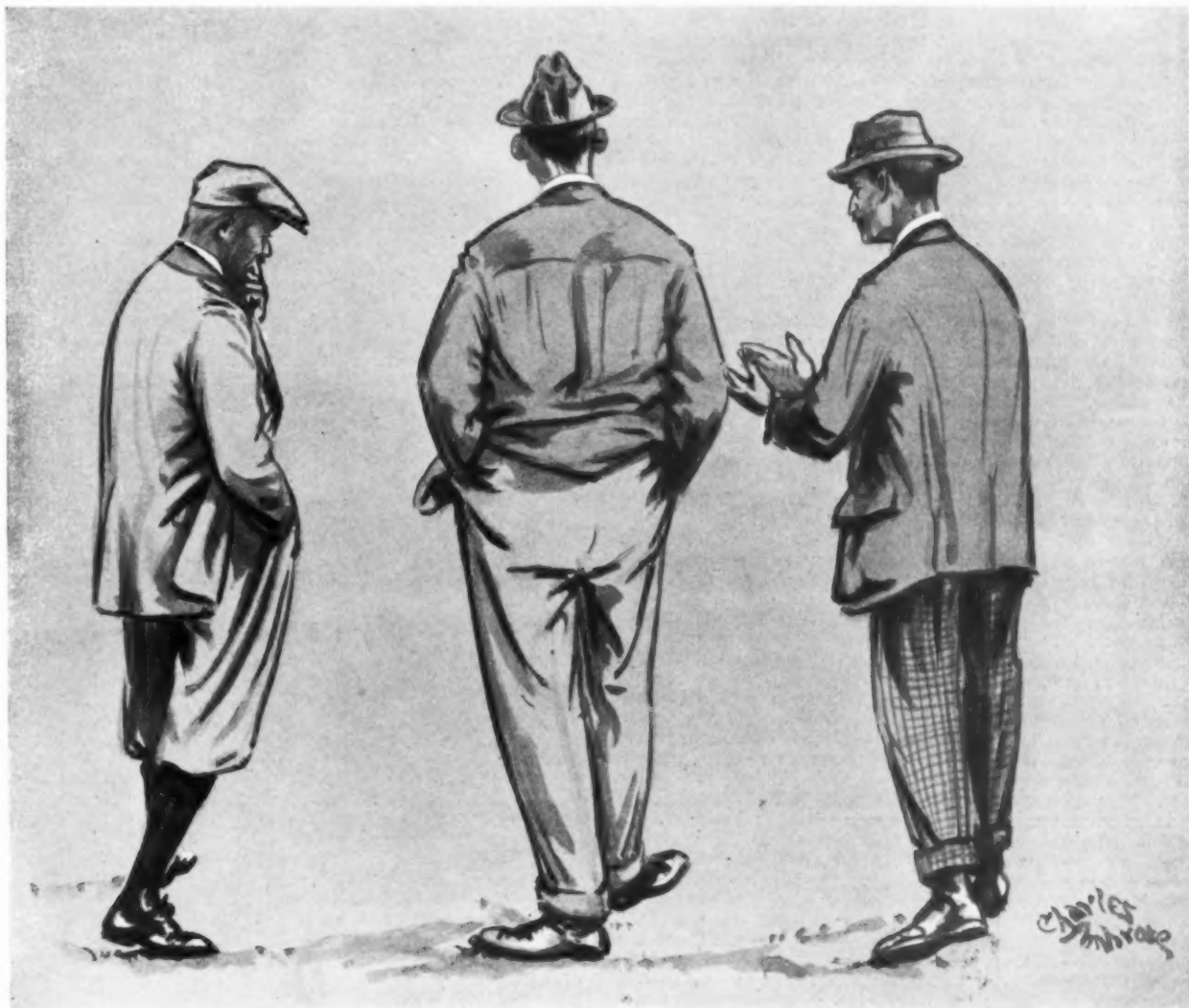
deal of pains in the delicate and difficult task of choosing his team. This I personally know from having heard solemn and serious discussions on the subject long before the date of the match. One particularly good feature of this match seems to me to be that the play in the afternoon is by foursomes, so that the spectators have an opportunity of seeing that most admirable form of the game played by the very best golfers. It is an opportunity all too rare and gives an added distinction to the match.

It may be of interest, perhaps, to run over very briefly one or two incidents in the previous history of the match, which was first played at Prestwick in 1903. Since then it has had an uninterrupted career, with two exceptions. The first of them was also at Prestwick in 1908, the year in which Braid, in spite of his historic nine at the Cardinal, ran away from the rest of the field in the Championship. On the day fixed the rain came down with such pitiless and long-continued vehemence that the bravest had perforce to stay indoors, and the match was abandoned without a ball being struck. The second exception was at Sandwich in 1911, when the professionals, instead of indulging in fratricidal strife, combined to give the amateurs a most unmerciful drubbing. In the nine matches that have been played the English have had something the better of the argument. In 1903 Scotland won by a single point, and there followed two ties; England then won four matches; there was another tie at Muirfield in 1912; and last year, at Hoylake, England reasserted herself. As a general rule there have been twelve men a side, and for the foursomes the players have been coupled together straight down the list in the order in which they played in the singles. Two experimental alterations have been tried. In 1904 the first and last man on each side played together in the foursomes, and so on down the list; but no doubt the public desired too strongly to see the old match, Vardon and Taylor against Braid and Herd, and the experiment was abandoned. So was the one, tried in 1907, of increasing the number of players to sixteen and playing only singles. Therefore we may fairly assume that the more usual



form has now become permanent. People probably associate the match most clearly with the victories won for Scotland in the foursomes by that most engaging and redoubtable couple, Andrew Kirkaldy and Bernard Sayers. It was not till the match at St. Andrews in 1911 that they had to bow the knee to any pair of Saxons. I have just come across an account, written by Mr. John Low, of their finish at Sandwich in 1904 against Sherlock and Rowland Jones, and it is so good that I venture to transcribe it: "The game was all square and two to play, but the Scots won the seventeenth and thus became dormy. It was essential, however, that they should win the match, not halve it, otherwise England became the winners on the whole tournament. Andrew's shot was slightly pulled and lay about a yard inside the rough in a very heavy lie. Sayers seemed inclined to play short of the bunker, but Andrew would have none of this; he seemed almost to threaten his little partner into boldness. Sayers let fly at the ball and got it away cleverly over the

must surely read with some shame at their own lagging appreciation of changing conditions, the following account of a striking example in progress set them by the University of Illinois: "Golf is taking a firm hold on the American public, and some day it may have as many followers as baseball. Francis Ouimet's successful battle for the open title last fall against the pick of the English and French stars has gone a long way toward popularising the game in this country. So popular has the sport become that the University of Illinois has added to its curriculum a course in golf links construction. To further this plan the University will soon acquire enough land for an eighteen-hole links. Tom Bendelow of Chicago, who makes a speciality of links construction, having laid out probably five hundred courses in his career, may become instructor in the new study in Illinois. Bendelow says that there are more links in this country than anywhere in the world—in fact, there are just as many here as in England and Scotland, the birthplace of the game, combined." The above is from no less veracious and important a newspaper than the *San Francisco Chronicle*. It is, indeed, time for England to "wake up." The endowment of a Professorial Chair and Lectureship for the study and teaching of the Science of Course-construction in one of our old Universities is said to be the probable result of the enlightened example of Illinois, and the honour of being the first occupant of the chair is said to



Mr. H. S. Colt.

Mr. W. H. Fowler.

Mr. J. F. Abercromby.

#### MAKING OUR GOLF TOO EASY.

hazard to the left of the hole. Andrew played a nice run up, and Sayers having again been admonished, this time to carefulness, holed out nicely to the salvation of Scotland. Then followed the most dramatic incident of the affair, for Andrew, who had been intently watching from the edge of the green, now strode across the circle with strong step, and extending his arm cried to the North Berwick man in a loud voice, 'Your hand, Sayers!'

It is to be hoped that we may witness many such thrilling scenes in the future, even if we cannot have the same protagonists, and the dinner after the match should conduce to pleasant handshakings. I am told that the players think it will, and I hope and believe they are right. B. D.

#### COURSE CONSTRUCTION IN THE "SCHOOLS."

IS it not extraordinary how our ancient Universities must ever linger in the background, fettered by tradition, and see like institutions in younger countries pass in front of them to recognise and meet the need of to-day? The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and above all, perhaps, that of St. Andrews,

lie between Mr. H. S. Colt and Mr. W. H. Fowler. It does not yet appear to be decided whether the graduate's degree may be taken in Course-construction purely, as a school of itself, or whether other subjects, in addition, will have to be taken also. Some sticklers for the time-worn traditions are said to be urging the retention of Greek as part of the same curriculum.

H. G. H.

#### TRANSPLANTATION OF CADDIES.

An exceedingly interesting experiment with regard to the caddie problem is to be tried by the Walton Heath Club. The club does not employ boy caddies, but has a band of fifty men, who are guaranteed a certain minimum weekly wage, and, of course, there are many others not employed on this basis. It is a matter of common experience that in summer-time on inland courses golf slackens off. Many members go away for their holidays to the sea, others rest from the game a while and give lawn tennis a turn; and so at Walton Heath, where there is a wonderfully continuous flow of play at all other times, the caddies get very little to do in August and September. The club therefore proposes to send fifty of the caddies to Scotland during those months. They will not necessarily be the fifty who enjoy the guaranteed wage, because some of those may be wanted at home. It is hoped that an arrangement will be made with a Scottish club whereby these caddies will



be taken North by boat, have suitable lodgings found for them, and be guaranteed during their stay a sum of fifteen shillings a week. Those who have spent golfing holidays in Scotland in September, and remember what they paid to their caddies, will probably be of opinion that these raiders from the South will earn a good deal more than the fifteen shillings.

#### A PROMISING EXPERIMENT.

As far as one can see, everybody should be the better for this scheme. The caddie will have change of air and scene and a mind enlarged by travel; he will also have more money in his pocket than he would have had at home, and he will not have been demoralised by loafing. The visitor to some much-frequented holiday courses will be delighted to get a good caddie, when in the ordinary way he might only get a man not sober enough or a boy not big enough to carry his clubs at all. There are, of course, many admirable

caddies on Scottish links, but so vast is the demand that the supply is not big enough to meet it. Take, for instance, the East Lothian, where there are some half-dozen courses practically next door to one another, and all full of golfers. With the best will in the world the authorities cannot always quite cope with the rush, and there are times when one must put up with what one can get in the shape of a beast of burden. All round the coast of Scotland the great stream of golfers flows in August and September; the coast of Ayrshire is as thickly spotted with links as is that of the East Lothian, and if this first experiment is successful, there would seem to be great possibilities in the shape of further transplantations northward during the holiday season. There must be on the courses near London hundreds of caddies, almost entirely unemployed during August and September, to whom such a plan would be a godsend.

## ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY AND TEMPERATURE.

BY DR. P. CHALMERS MITCHELL.

THE annual assault of winter brings to those who are responsible for menageries an anxiety that is all the greater as we are in two minds about the principles involved. A few years ago, here and in Germany the belief prevailed that it was our fundamental duty to protect the animals under our charge from cold. Windows were permanently closed, the doors to outside paddocks securely shut and often covered with matting or straw. By day and by night the furnaces roared, and visitors who were admitted one by one through a narrow side door, if they were curious in these matters, could have classified the animal kingdom by the sense of smell. For all flesh has not the same odour. There is one smell of giraffes, one of deer, one of antelopes, one of cattle, several of monkeys and many of carnivores and marsupials. In some of the more crowded houses it would have added to the scientific interest to attach stoppered bottles to each of the labels, by means of which a visitor, having taken a whiff of pure skunk or ant-eater, could attempt to identify these flavours in the general atmosphere. But even systematic naturalists prefer the evidence that can be derived from other senses, and the general public was repelled. Nor can it be said that the results were satisfactory, for the mortality was extremely high. I myself, after analysing the duration of life in captivity of over twenty thousand individual mammals and birds, could find no case of even respectable comparison between the actual average duration of life of members of a species kept in the interior of an artificially heated house, and the length of life which, from other reasons, I knew to be attainable. I am considering only birds and mammals, for these have a physiological mechanism by which they regulate their own internal temperature and maintain it at a nearly constant level, notwithstanding changes in the air or water with which they are surrounded. Reptiles, fishes and lower animals, which become warm or cold as the temperature of the surrounding media rises or falls, must be protected artificially against extremes. And so a reptile-house must be kept warm in winter, and in summer screens and shelters must be provided to shut off too violent sunlight. An aquarium is most satisfactory when it is lighted only from the north, and when the tanks are kept at an even temperature of between 50deg. and 60deg. Fahr. for all but the small tropical fish, which require still greater heat. The contrast between animals with bodies containing, so to say, a natural thermostat and those without that useful device is remarkable. A man could go into the lowest temperature of a cold-storage cellar taking with him a living snake, and long before he was uncomfortable the snake would be torpid and very probably be killed by the experience. The human being might also go into the hottest room of a Turkish bath, taking another snake with him; again, before he had to come out the snake would be killed. Thus, under natural conditions, the distribution of reptiles and lower animals is much more strictly limited by the range of temperature to which they are subjected than is the case with mammals and birds. And so when we bring them to a climate that is unsuitable and make it difficult for them to pass into summer torpor or winter hibernation we have to keep them as far as possible in an artificially equable temperature.

We are beginning to learn that birds and mammals must be treated differently. In the first place, there may be a few denizens of the dank recesses of tropical forests that are accustomed to an almost equable condition of warmth and moisture, but most of the species that are to be found in menageries are accustomed to changes. All over the temperate regions of the globe the changes of the season are usually more extreme than in our own island home. Even in the Tropics the thermometer falls far and rapidly when a storm obscures the sky, and from sunset to sunrise severe changes occur to which nocturnal animals are specially subjected. Fur and feathers are not monopolies of the colder parts of the earth, nor is their sole purpose ornament. Most common menagerie animals, moreover, have a wide geographical range. I need not multiply examples, but it is interesting to remember that monkeys have been found high up in the mountains near the snow-line, and that some of them are natives of countries where the winter is severe; that the tiger and the puma range from the tropical to the sub-arctic zones; that elephants and tapirs ascend vertically out of the Tropics; that almost all the ruminants are limited only by the possibility of finding food; that apparently

delicate birds, like humming-birds on the one hand and ostriches on the other, can be exposed to frost without harm.

I have no doubt myself but that the fundamental condition to be observed, if we wish to keep adult birds and mammals in a state of health, is to provide them with free opportunity for considerable changes of temperature. The skin is one of the most important organs of the body, and unless it is acting properly we cannot expect the lungs and kidneys and heart and nervous system to maintain a healthy tone. The chief stimulus to the skin is change; no healthy human being could remain healthy long if he were kept night and day, summer and winter at a temperature nearly equable, and the effect upon him would be still worse if he were given no exercise and an abundant supply of too nutritious food. Wherever it is possible, I think that mammals and birds should be given the free range of at least three different temperatures. The warmest of the three compartments should be the smallest, and in most cases would be selected as the sleeping-place. Over-civilised people clamour for large and well ventilated bedrooms, which, no doubt, are necessary in the artificial conditions of modern town life. But soldiers in the field huddle at night in a tent, the atmosphere of which becomes abominable; sailors who spend more than three-quarters of their time exposed to the winds of heaven, agricultural labourers, savages, we ourselves when we have been mountaineering from dawn to dusk, neither suffer from nor cavil at the closest of sleeping quarters. If you have been getting enough exercise and oxygen all day a little tendency to asphyxiation will make you sleep all the better at night. Wild animals creep into the smallest holes they can, bury themselves in leaves or litter and take every possible trouble to avoid fresh air when they are going to sleep. If they cannot half suffocate themselves in any other way, they bury their nostrils in their fur or smother their heads under their wings. The second chamber should be much larger, and in most cases protected from rain so as to be dry underfoot, and sheltered from the wind. It should be arranged so that its occupants may be fed in it, when necessary, or shut into it for cleaning purposes. The third chamber or enclosure should be the largest of all, and have the least protection from weather. Here the animal should spend its most active time, with water for swimming, branches on which to climb, varied ground for jumping and running, according to the habits of the species. It should have to come to this outer space for its water and for its food, either its regular rations or the tribute it may receive from visitors. In such a fashion natural conditions will be best imitated, the greatest inducement will be given to the animals to take exercise and the scraps of food will lie where they can do least harm and where they can be removed most readily. If an animal shows a tendency to rush back to its sleeping-box with its food, this must be closed until the meal is finished.

If the accommodation which I have suggested be supplied, there are few large or moderately sized animals for which artificial heat is necessary in the South of England. For most of these the largest enclosure should be an open-air paddock; the second a covered shed, widely open in summer, but with provision for closing all but an entrance door in cold weather; and the third should be in the warmest corner of the shed, and not a foot larger than is necessary to permit the animal to stand up or to lie down. If heat be thought necessary, it can be applied economically only to the sleeping chamber, and preferably in such a fashion as to warm the floor. For animals that are smaller and so have a greater heat-losing surface in proportion to their cubical contents, or for animals that are thought to be more delicate, the outer enclosure may be partly covered over, the second chamber in the interior of a house and the third or sleeping-box raised to a still higher temperature. Finally, for the most fragile and delicate creatures, I should adhere to a similar disposition of the space allotted to them, but should start, so to say, from a higher level; I should place them in the largest house I could provide, well ventilated and flooded with light, and kept from falling below, say, about 50deg. Fahr. In this they should have their open enclosures, large in proportion to their size, and communicating with inner chambers, screened off from the general air of the house, and in their turn containing the small and highly warmed sleeping-boxes.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### CHANGE OF PLUMAGE OF DUCKS.

**O**LD beliefs die hard. Till recently it was a matter of common knowledge among ornithologists that fundamental changes of coloration could be affected without a change of plumage, that is to say, without a moult. The "summer" dress of birds, like the knot and golden plover, for example, were held to be thus acquired. In like manner, the immature goshawk and peregrine were supposed to exchange the longitudinal stripes of the breast for the transverse bars which are the sign of maturity. More recently yet other cases of this mysterious power of transformation have been adduced. These are supposed to be furnished by the ducks, which, it is contended, in discarding their "eclipse" dress, contrive to effect an economy of energy or "vitality" by changing the coloration of a variable number of the feathers of the "eclipse" dress till they become indistinguishable from the neighbouring newly moulted feathers of the incoming resplendent dress, which form the characteristic livery of the drake. Those who have ventured to doubt whether these strange changes ever take place are shown feathers which undoubtedly display a combination of the coloration of both plumages; and this demonstration is always backed up with the assurance that, had this or that feather not been incontinently shed, or had the bird lived but a week or two longer, the passage from the one type to the other would have been complete. "What I tell you three times is true," is the attitude of the champions of this amazing change!

To purge me of my heretical views, two friends of mine sent me, last autumn, five male widgeon—three immature and two adult birds. These I was enjoined to watch carefully through their passage from the "eclipse" to the typical dress. I found in each of them some particoloured feathers. The flank feathers were the most often thus marked, the chestnut colour being in such cases freckled with black and white, but some of the elongated scapulars were also similarly affected. These I notched with a pair of scissors, and I was assured that in due course such feathers would, in the case of the flank feathers, for instance, completely lose their chestnut red hue and become white, with dark grey vermiculations. Week by week, in fear and trembling, I examined these feathers; but they changed not. And then, one by one, they were picked up on the floor of their enclosure! To-day these birds are all clean moulted, and I am more confirmed in my heresy than ever!

There seems something inconsequent about this unorthodox method of colour-change, inasmuch as it is supposed to take place in "sympathy" with the impending moult into the resplendent livery; that is to say, as the new, white, vermiculated flank-feathers begin to thrust forth their tips, so some, a few odd feathers here and there, will begin to lose their red hue and their faint, broad, black bars, and to assume the grey and white vermiculated coloration of the plumage that is soon to be. But having done this, they are incontinently shed, to be replaced by a new feather distinguishable only by its greater "freshness" in appearance. Some authorities hold, however, that these transformed "eclipse" feathers are not shed until the succeeding "eclipse" dress is put on. But this is as may be; the question is, do these changes take place at all? So far, not a shadow of evidence worthy of the name has yet been produced in support of this contention. No more than an elementary knowledge of the structure of a feather is needed to convince those who now champion this theory of colour-change that they have been mistaken. It is true that colour-change of a very striking character does take place in birds; but in all such cases the transformation is brought about by abrasion, as witness the linnet's breast and the black throat of the sparrow. Exposure, too, to sun and rain bleaches; but changes of this kind do not count in the present connection. The interpretation of this riddle is really a very simple matter. Briefly, it is this: Odd feathers, during the act of preening, are constantly plucked out and as constantly replaced, leaving no record of the fact. Matters

are otherwise, however, when such accidents take place when the change to a new and differently coloured plumage is imminent. Take the case of the widgeon, for example. Flank feathers removed at the time when the formation of the red pigment, which is to colour the flanks of the "eclipse" dress, begins, will take up just so much of this pigment as is available, and hence their tips will be red, and having absorbed this, the rest of the feather will be that of the plumage soon to be moulted—white, vermiculated with dark grey. It would be easy to demonstrate this. If a few feathers were removed from the flank of a bird just before the "eclipse" feathers were due, the new feathers would be red-tipped, and would show conspicuously among their white fellows. It is a well known fact that if the long, central tail feathers of the pintail be removed at this time, the incoming feathers will have pointed, black tips, while the rest of the feather will be of the typical "eclipse" colour. In like manner flank feathers may show red bases instead of tips if the secretion of red pigment had not begun till the upper part of the feather had been formed. Considerations of space forbid any attempt at explaining the meaning of the "eclipse" plumage, but to this theme I hope to return at no distant date.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

### BARKING FROGS.

The name "barking frog" which has been applied to the South American *Ceratophrys ornata*, is derived from the noise made by this curious batrachian when irritated. If suddenly seized or poked or pinched it will open its wide mouth and utter loud cries of anger, which, in some cases, have been compared to the bark of a dog. These sounds are produced entirely by the larynx, while the croak is produced by the action of the subglottal vocal sac when the mouth is closed, whereby the noise issuing from the larynx is intensified. Males alone are provided with a vocal sac, which is chiefly used during the breeding season. The loud cries are produced at all times, and especially by the males, which are of a more irascible temper. As mentioned in *COUNTRY LIFE*, May 30th, 1908, our European *Pelobates* have similar fits of anger, uttering startling shrill cries, at the same time opening the mouth in a defiant attitude, without, however, actually biting. The *Ceratophrys* are well known to inflict very painful bites. *Ceratophrys ornata* is a burrowing frog, digging in the earth by means of the large, sharp-edged horny tubercles with which its heels are provided. It feeds chiefly on other frogs and small mammals. Its home is in the Argentine Republic, Paraguay and Southern Brazil. Twelve species of *Ceratophrys* are known, from various parts of South America. The largest and most formidable looking is the Brazilian *C. dorsata*, figured in *COUNTRY LIFE*, October 9th, 1909. Its upper eyelid is produced into a horn-like appendage, whence the name *Ceratophrys* (horned eyebrow). But in some species of the genus the eyelid is quite normal.

### A BIRD THAT NO LONGER BREEDS IN OUR ISLANDS.

The white-tailed or Sea-Eagle is the largest of all the British birds of prey. Formerly it nested in many places round our coasts, in Donegal, Lundy, the Isle of Man, and at numerous places in Scotland and the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Now, thanks to the activity of shepherds and gamekeepers, and the greed of collectors, it no longer breeds in these islands.

### NOTES AND QUERIES.

#### THE GANNET OR SOLAN GOOSE.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—With reference to "The Gannet: A Bird with a History," reviewed in your columns (January 3rd, page 22), may I correct a slight mistake in the description of the singular brown gannet which was seen and photographed at the Bass Rock by Messrs. Riley Fortune and J. Atkinson in July, 1910? It was the back and not the beak of this curious bird, the identity of which is still a matter of dispute, which should have been described as dappled with brown, the two colours alternating in a conspicuous way from the base of the neck downwards.—J. H. GURNEY.



E. J. Jacob.

THE SEA EAGLE.

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## WOODCOCK CARRYING ITS YOUNG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While motoring in the West of Scotland I had to stop the car to avoid running over a woodcock which was in the act of piloting two frightened young ones across the road. As soon as the chicks, which were a few days old, had reached the grass, the parent bird stood over one of them and, gripping it between its knees, flew over the roadside wall with it. It returned quickly to the remaining chick and carried it off in the same way. My companions and I were within a few feet of the bird and saw the whole process distinctly.—A. G. C.

[It has long been known that woodcock carry their young, but our correspondent's testimony is valuable as showing the manner in which it is carried out. Some other observers have maintained that the old bird presses

the young against its breast with its beak, but we should imagine that such a proceeding would render flight almost impossible.—Ed.]

## HARE KILLED BY ROOKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The attention of our gamekeeper was attracted to a group of five rooks who were fluttering over and descending upon some struggling animal in a field some hundred yards distant from him. As he watched, the animal ceased its struggles and the rooks began to peck and pull at it. On reaching the spot the keeper found a well grown leveret quite dead, with its eyes pecked out and other wounds upon it. It would interest me to learn whether any of your readers can record a similar instance of rooks killing hares or rabbits. This incident occurred on the West Coast of Scotland.—N. B.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[Correspondents who do not find their letters under this heading should turn to "Answers to Correspondents," page 4\*.]

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your notes under the above heading recommending masters to give half holidays to their people working on their farms I think is a thoroughly sound recommendation. I have myself been giving a half holiday to all my people for some considerable time now, as I did not like the idea of, say, the stockman working every day without any proper holiday, so now I have arranged for everyone on the place to have a half holiday at least once a week. On the face of it, it appears to cost more because one has to have extra help, but I certainly think the men are better for it and believe that it brightens them, therefore in this way I hope to get back the half holiday with interest. I should be very sorry to return to the system whereby the men do not get half holidays.—S. F. Edge.

## WILD GARDENING ON ROCKY AND WASTE SITES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am glad to see that the suggestion first dropped by Mr. Edward Hudson, in respect of the possibilities of enhancing the beauties of Edinburgh Castle Rock, is in such fair way to bearing good fruit as is evidenced by the letters appearing in COUNTRY LIFE. By all means let native plants have their fair share of space in all such schemes, and for botanical purposes it would be well if records could be kept of all introductions of aliens to new sites, whether they come from abroad or from other districts in this country; but with the colonisation of so many of our old abbey and castle walls (as well as the rocks on which they stand) by the wild wallflower (*Cheiranthus Cheiri*), and of other places by the "Roman wall plant" (*Erinus alpinus*)—to mention only two of many instances that might be quoted—I do not think we need be too squeamish about introducing many of the hardy and beautiful foreigners. *Linaria purpurea*, for example, was, no doubt, introduced to the rock at Barnard Castle; but it has flourished there for well over fifty years, and does so still. Its relatives, *L. vulgaris* and *L. repens*, are other good subjects for establishing themselves in bare and "barren" stations. *Mimulus luteus* is as good an example as can be found of a charming and patient settler who has maintained and extended his footing within the last half century or so on so many of our gravelly mountain streams. It has even been doubted whether bishopweed (*Ægopodium podagraria*) is truly indigenous, or may not be an heritage from the old monks! But it was rather in regard to those ugly waste sites, disused mine heaps, than castle rocks that I sat down to write. The rocks on which so many of our old castles stand are so grim and grand in their nakedness that many people would prefer to see them left so. Hercules draped in modern fashion does not appeal to them, and if garments are to be given him at all, care must be taken that they are scanty enough not to hide his strength. But about old mine heaps opinions can scarcely be divided. The hillsides in the district from which I write are scarred with them in every direction, and they do not make for beauty. Some of the earliest "scratchings" after lead, iron, etc., may date back as far as the Romans, and have generally become covered over in the interval with grasses and other low herbage, often with bluebells, foxgloves, wild thyme and roses; but these are the most favoured cases. Many of the heaps of about a hundred years old are bare and black in their ugliness, and I have been much interested during the last two summers in noting the gradual dispersion of plants over them; of course, by nothing except natural agencies. The heaps I have particularly in mind are chiefly composed of black shales, sometimes mixed with varying quantities of sand, and on these the first of the flowering plants to have taken root are usually *Arenaria verna*, *Thlaspi alpestre* and *Cochlearia officinalis*, each of which is a charming subject in its own particular line for covering such places. Grasses seem to establish themselves later, and with them have come yellow lotus, wild pansy, coltsfoot and other low plants of the district. Sometimes I notice among the collection quantities of moonwort, which seems to like the shaly soil and grows on the heaps taller than on the adjoining fields. In seeking to cover up such eyesores as most old mine heaps are, your correspondents may find it useful to keep the above-named growers in mind. The quickest way to hide such heaps is undoubtedly to plant them with trees, which have the advantage also of becoming valuable in time. That very shaly soil will support both Scots firs and birches, as well as some other trees, may be seen by the heaps covered with them in various places in the Northern Counties of England.—GEORGE BOLAM.

## MEDIÆVAL ICONOGRAPHY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I revert to a point once raised in your columns, a point which I think may be of interest to some of your readers? The question I should like to reopen is: What was the significance and intention of the embodi-

ment of scripture stories, legends of the saints, etc., in the stained glass windows of the thirteenth century cathedrals? In a kindly notice of my *British Cathedrals* about a year ago, your reviewer wrote: "We cannot follow Mr. Warrack in his presentment of the thirteenth century priest using stained glass windows as a text for the simple and unlettered flock which he collected round them. This idea of *biblia pauperum* is attractive, but is somewhat blown upon. Mediæval iconography is very complicated, and the modern student is inclined to the view that no one but learned ecclesiastics understood the significance of the pictures and sculptures." Now, from no wish merely to vindicate my book, but because I think the question itself is important to all who wish to understand the cathedrals, I should like to direct your attention to M. Emile Male's work on *Religious Art in France of the Thirteenth Century*, a work written to consolidate the labours of recent archaeologists and embody the results of their research. The preface, which strikes the keynote of the book, opens as follows: "To the Middle Ages art was didactic. All that it was necessary that man should know—the history of the world from the creation, the dogmas of religion, the examples of the saints . . . all these were taught them by the windows of the church or by the statues in the porch. The pathetic name of '*Biblia pauperum*,' given by the printers of the fifteenth century to one of their early books, might well have been given to the church. There the simple, the ignorant, all who were named the '*Sancta plebs Dei*,' learned through their eyes almost all they knew of their faith." While the ink is wet on my pen, I notice this in the current *Athenæum's* review on Mr. Francis Bond's "Introduction to English Architecture": "When briefly discussing the somewhat rude art with which the plastered walls of old English churches were often painted (Mr. Bond) reminds us that these painters were not so anxious about their efforts from the artistic and decorative standpoints as they were in the remembrance that they were a Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge." As an old subscriber to COUNTRY LIFE, I have good reason to respect your judgment on questions connected with architecture. But I submit that the opinion that the medallion windows of the thirteenth century, with their extraordinary expository coherence, were intended as vehicles for the setting forth of the faith is not "somewhat blown upon," but is, on the contrary, the opinion held by most modern and authoritative writers.—JOHN WARRACK.

## OUTDOOR BOOKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter in COUNTRY LIFE of the 17th inst. as to the twelve best books I read with interest. One man cannot choose another man's "best books"; but may I give mine? If by "best" we mean those which are most to us, which we can least do without, the selection is a difficult one. But near the top of my list would be George Borrow's "Lavengro" and its sequel, "The Romany Rye," Michael Fairless' "Roadmender" and "The Kentucky Cardinal," by James Allen. "Halfway House" and "Open Country," by Maurice Hewlitt, give us Senhouse, the beautifier of waste and desolate places, and John Burrough's Essays are found, I think, on most Nature-lovers' bookshelves. "The History of Signboards," by Larwood and Hotten, and "Words and Places" (Everyman's), by Isaac Taylor, are both practical; indeed, the latter, for a book of less than five hundred pages, and costing but one shilling, is surprisingly full of "Just what I want." Books on herbs are often much more interesting than one expects, and Father Kneip, under the very dull title (excepting, perhaps, to a near blood relative) of "Codicil to My Will," gives us a fascinating volume, for the writer was an Austrian *curd*, and carried his healing rural arts among the poor dwellers of the scattered Tyrolean villages. Darwin's "Expression of Thought in Man and in Animals" I should exclude with sorrow, for it explains so simply that all who run may read, why a cat's hair stands on end from fright, or why she arches her back when she spits at the dog; why the terrier parts his lips with that sinister sneer we know so well, when he barks at the horse's hoofs or the front wheel of the bicycle, etc. I really misunderstood my Irish terrier till I bought this three-and-sixpenny book. Then the poets—Wordsworth's Nature poems; Burns, if only for his verses to the "Field-mouse" and "The Daisy"; Shelley, for "The Skylark" and "The Cloud"; and so on. I have gone too far already; but is this a right time and place to make a plea for some old friends which are fast disappearing? "Sandford and Merton," by Day, a pioneer of outdoor life; some of Mrs. Barbauld's Parables from Nature; and last, but not least, Mary Howitt's poems. Long before Nature study was a school class routine Mary Howitt was inspiring inquisitive childish hearts with a love for insect and woodland life, which nothing has since destroyed. They may not be the books for a Home Reading Union, but I should be a traitor if I did not include them in my "twelve best."—ELIZABETH KIRK.



[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I venture to offer you another list of twelve books on the "outdoor life"? At first sight it seems an easy and a pleasant task to think of these, but like other lists of the same kind—the fifty best rock plants or the fifty best hardy perennials—no two people can be in agreement, and the limits are narrower than one suspects. I take it that the definition of your first correspondent excludes all those which, though instinct with the open air feeling, deal more or less exclusively with, for instance, rural or village life, sport, travel and *particular* animals or birds. Otherwise one would be tempted to include such delightful things as the early novels of Thomas Hardy, Doughty's fascinating "Travels in Arabia," and the animal stories of Kipling, Seton Thompson and Jack London. I have not been able to resist giving *alternative* books in the case of two or three authors, in the hope that both may be included in Mr. Christie's final selection, which he will find it impossible to keep sternly at twelve! Twelve outdoor books: (1) Cobbet's "Rural Rides," (2) Borrow's "Lavengro," (3) Hudson's "A Naturalist in La Plata" or "Green Pavilions," (4) St. John's "Wild Sport in the Highlands," (5) Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," (6) Dr. Johnson's "A Tour in the Hebrides," (7) Stevenson's "Travels With a Donkey," "An Inland Voyage," (8) Fabre's "Love and Life of an Insect," (9) Arnold's "Thyrsis," "The Scholar Gipsy," (10) Homer's "The Odyssey" (Lang's translation), (11) Theocritus' "Moschus and Bion" (Lang's translation), (12) Thoreau's "Walden."—M. PEASE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I recommend you to add to your list of outdoor books for your South African correspondent "A Cotswold Village," by T. A. Gibbs.—H. S. OPPENHEIMER.

## "A RIVIERA WINTER."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a Riviera garden under unusual aspects



AN UNWONTED SPECTACLE ON THE RIVIERA.

may be of interest. The poor orange trees and cactus seem surprised and hurt at their unaccustomed covering, which, however, only enveloped them for twelve hours.—MAY ARMSTRONG.

## CHARLECOTE PARK.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—May I point out an error on page 128 of your issue of January 24th. The writer of the article states, "the arms of the Lucys are 'lucres hauriant argent,' i.e., pikes with open mouths on a field of silver." It is the lucres or pike in the Lucy arms which are of silver, the field is gules, or red.—ERNEST C. KOCH.

## A HOME-MADE SNOW- PLOUGH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accompanying picture of a snow-plough was taken by the side



A BOWER OF GLISTENING WHITE.



SMACKING OF THE PREHISTORIC.

of one of the low-lying moorland roads of Yorkshire, where the implement does duty. It smacks somewhat of the prehistoric, but you may be assured, when a pair of horses are yoked to it, it serves its purpose well, and perhaps as efficiently as a more costly machine.—A. VICKERS.

## THE GARDEN SNAIL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The little photograph entitled "The Snail's Footprints," which appeared among your correspondence of January 17th, is interesting—more interesting even than your correspondent suspected when she sent you the picture. The marks are not the "footprints" or "trail" of the garden snail, but indications of its appetite. They are feeding tracks, showing the places where the whitewash has been rasped off by the grating of the many-toothed "tongue." As many as 15,000 teeth stud the tongue, or radula, of a garden snail, and this toothed band working with a sideways as well as a backward and forward motion, produces the wavy pattern of your photograph. That the snail should make a diet off whitewash is not so surprising an event as one might suppose. In 1910 an extraordinary plague of huge land snails visited Ceylon. So abundant were they that on a 6ft. section of the stem of a coconut palm 227 individuals, each from 3in. or 5in. long, were found clustered. An area of four square miles was packed with millions of the sluggish creatures. Now, during this plague of *Achatina fulica* the natives alleged that their buildings were being attacked, and that holes were being eaten through the walls. The story crumbled under investigation, but it was found that the snails were devouring, to a limited extent, the limewash and plaster of the houses, materials which they utilised for the construction of their shells. So it must have been with your correspondent's garden snail, the tracks of which show so clearly that some of the greenhouse whitewash has gone to the building of the creatures' shelly house.—JAMES RITCHIE.

## HOAR-FROST IN GARDEN AND WOODLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a scene in a wild garden in Surrey on Saturday, the 24th inst. This represents a part of the grounds where

water and woodland meet, and under the icy embrace of King Frost this was transformed into a bower of glistening white, such as we too seldom see in this country. Those who were fortunate enough to visit their gardens on the morning in question were repaid with a scene of rare and varied beauty, bare shrubs and trees taking unto themselves many fantastic yet charming forms. Later in the day, when the sun cleared away the morning haze, the picture was even more beautiful, though all too soon it faded away, leaving in its place pleasant memories that can frequently be refreshed with the records made by the camera.—T. S.

## THATCH AND ROCK GARDENING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—One important argument in favour of reviving the use of thatch is that, apart from their ugliness, corrugated iron roofs are apt to make buildings too hot in summer, too cold in winter. A tempting thought, that of curing at least one, if not both, of these defects by the aid of roof gardening, is suggested by what may be seen by the side of the main road running through the village of Landkey in North Devon. There part of the corrugated iron roof on a shed gets the drip off some adjacent thatch, and is gradually being clothed with vegetation, including grass. The foundation of this roof garden appears to be a moss, but in the development of it a stonecrop has evidently taken active and successful part. Might not interesting results be obtained by roughly thatching the ridge of a corrugated iron roof so as to ensure the rest of it being continually irrigated with water containing organic impurities? To the impurities from the thatch no doubt was added a useful supply of blown dust. But such treatment of corrugated iron is hardly likely to improve it as a roofing material. *Mutatis mutandis*

a similar plan might without similar risks be followed where the object is to establish plant life on rock faces. Enthusiastic believers in the utilisation of waste products will see at once that even a few old straw hats, judiciously placed, might serve as the fountain head of a valuable rill of polluted water.—E. V.

## SPRING IN 1913 AND IN 1914.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Would the enclosed be of any use to you? Taken in connection with my meteorological station, with the object of establishing—what I believe has never been attempted before—a definite standard by which the lateness or otherwise of the seasons can for the future be judged, I made photographic record of the stages of development reached by a great number of representative plants at frequent dates throughout the whole of last year, and the enclosed show the first comparison made by this method. Judged by this standard, the season is, as will be seen, much later this year than last, the photographs showing that the same



SNOWDROPS ON JAN. 1ST, 1914.



JANUARY 1ST, 1913.

clump of snowdrops, well in bud the first week last year, were only just thrusting their tips through the snow-powdered earth in this.—JOHN H. WILLIS.

## THE MEANDERING ROAD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The correspondence on this subject recently published has reminded me of a conversation I had on the subject some years ago with an old shepherd. The country in the district was notorious for its winding roads and lanes, and the old shepherd, who was a very keen observer of Nature, told me that he believed the roads were originally cattle tracks through the forests and that they had been gradually converted into roads. Certainly the meaningless meanderings of some of our country roads seem to lend colour to this theory.—F. W. H.

## THE HOLY HILL OF OBLADIS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Like many others, we have just made the pilgrimage to Obladis in the Austrian Tyrol. On leaving the line one climbs a steep, fir-clad hill and near the top the ancient village of Ladis, with its mediæval castle, comes in view; but a stranger and even more dramatic scene

fills the foreground of our picture. Immediately in front is a rising mound, on which are grouped three crucifixes, obviously representing the Calvary of the New Testament. The three crosses are made of wood and stand in the midst of a clump of fir trees. The figures nailed to them are almost life-size and made of plaster, which has been coloured. Evidently the colours were vivid and crude, but exposure to the weather has toned them down to a gentle realism. Coming unexpectedly and without warning on this scene, with its surrounding snow-covered mountains and ruined castle, gave one a curious and unreal impression. On enquiry in the village we were told that this was, at least in North Tyrol, the only "holy hill of Calvary" of its kind.—CARINE CADBY.



A TYROLESE CALVARY.

hills the foreground of our picture. Immediately in front is a rising mound, on which are grouped three crucifixes, obviously representing the Calvary of the New Testament. The three crosses are made of wood and stand in the midst of a clump of fir trees. The figures nailed to them are almost life-size and made of plaster, which has been coloured. Evidently the colours were vivid and crude, but exposure to the weather has toned them down to a gentle realism. Coming unexpectedly and without warning on this scene, with its surrounding snow-covered mountains and ruined castle, gave one a curious and unreal impression. On enquiry in the village we were told that this was, at least in North Tyrol, the only "holy hill of Calvary" of its kind.—CARINE CADBY.

## PITY THE POOR HEDGEROW.

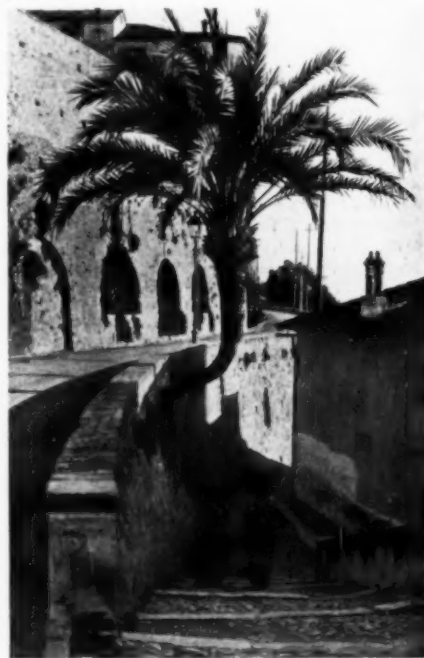
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can nothing be done to protect our hedgerows from the ignorance of district councils and the selfishness of motorists, or at all events cannot a minimum be agreed on to provide for the convenience of traffic without destroying the amenities of the countryside? I live in a district administered by authorities whose *beau idéal* of a hedge is a low series of pointed stakes, and woe betide the unhappy tree that grows beside one of their roads. A neighbour gave a piece of land on a beautiful hillside to widen the road quite needlessly, save for the speed-exceeding motorist. It looks now like the entrance to a suburban railway station! In the adjoining county a far better system prevails, nor do the roads suffer in consequence; weary wayfarers may enjoy long stretches of shady road, and naturally grown hedges delight the eye, and yet motorists have no cause to complain. Cannot some society for the preservation of our rural beauties take up this question? Longfellow's blacksmith soon will not find a tree under which to carry on his trade; I know a special act of vandalism in these parts on a smithy well known to artists.—WEST SUSSEX.

## ACCOMMODATING ITSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send a photograph of a quaint palm tree growing in a curious position. One might say that it flourishes between the old world and the new—the old mule track and the modern main road. The mule track leads down into the old town of San Remo—a regular rabbit-warren of narrow streets, and probably at the time when the modern road was laid this palm was spared and the wall built round it. At that time it would have been a much smaller tree, but in the course of years assumed its present shape. In any case, it adds a picturesque feature to the spot.—ERIC S. HERVEY.



GROWTH UNDER DIFFICULTIES.